The Nation.

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EDITORIAL

SHUFFLE OFF TO TOKYO

Our show-biz correspondent writes:

America First: The Musical, George Bush's industrial dog and pony show, garnered negative ink even before it hit Australia, the first stop on its Pacific tour. U.S. critics slammed the concept—a twenty-one-exec *Chorus Line*, patterned after the original Michael Bennett musical, with each performer doing a specialty plea. Japanese aisle-sitters jeered at the turn by the high-paid Motown Trio—Chrysler's Lee Iacocca (who raked in $4.65 mil the past annum), G.M.'s Robert Stempel ($2.18 mil) and Ford's Harold Poling ($1.29 mil)—who sang "What I Did for Love" and "Brother Can You Spare a Dime?" One Tokyo Aristotle pointed out that the Detroiters' Japanese counterparts pull down only around 400 Gs per annum. He asked how Iacocca & Co. could justify making 160 times what their average employee does—especially at a time when they're laying off thousands. In Japan a C.E.O. who announced he was closing twenty-one plants and axing 74,000 workers would have apologized and resigned, if not committed hara-kiri.

Producer Bush defended his fair-trade show, saying it would create jobs by making the Japanese put a cap on auto exports—which he blames for the current U.S. recession. "This is really the free market in action," he said. "I hope Boris Yeltsin's taking notes."

But Washington show-biz insiders saw Bush's new production as strictly political theater. "Buchanan to the right of him, Gephardt to the left of him," said one. "He had to do the old soft shoe." Rounding up the high-priced talent was no problem, though, a G.O.P. fundraiser said. "Some of those guys are our biggest contributors. They did it for love." But Actors' Equity panned the all-rich-white-male cast.

(Editor's note: *America First: The Musical* closed out of town.)

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MAN TO MAN AT GEORGETOWN

TALES OUT OF MEDICAL SCHOOL

ADRIANE FUGH-BERMAN, M.D.

With the growth of the women's health movement and the influx of women into medical schools, there has been abundant talk of a new enlightenment among physicians. Last summer, many Americans were shocked when Frances Conley, a neurosurgeon on the faculty of Stanford University's medical school, resigned her position, citing "pervasive sexism." Conley's is a particularly elite and male-dominated subspecialty, but her story is not an isolated one. I graduated from the Georgetown University School of Medicine in 1988, and while medical training is a sexist process anywhere, Georgetown built disrespect for women into its curriculum.

A Jesuit school, most recently in the news as the alma mater of William Kennedy Smith, Georgetown has an overwhelmingly white, male and conservative faculty. At a time when women made up one-third of all medical students in the United States, and as many as one-half at some schools, my class was 73 percent male and more than 90 percent white.

The prevailing attitude toward women was demonstrated on the first day of classes by my anatomy instructor, who remarked that our elderly cadaver "must have been a Playboy bunny" before instructing us to cut off her large breasts and toss them into the thirty-gallon trash can marked "cadaver waste." Barely hours into our training, we were already being taught that there was nothing to be learned from examining breasts. Given the fact that one out of nine American women will develop breast cancer in her lifetime, to treat breasts as extraneous tis-

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LETTERS.

DEEP RESOURCES

Boston

The Oakland fire that devastated the work of photographer Ra[illegible] destroyed mor[illegible]ifted photograp[illegible] Beat the Devil,' [illegible]ord of the lives a[illegible]d landscape of Nev[illegible]d. For thirty years, camera in tow, Randy would head to neglected mills and mill towns, a step ahead of the wrecker or (portentously) a step after a fire had left only their charred remains. No one created more evocative images of the historic, and lost, landscape: deserted railroad stations, living ones too, industrial and historic places. Randy's work resonates in his classic *Tale of Amoskeag: A Sense of Place, A Way of Life*, and in works by others like myself grateful for his special documents.

The TV had yet to transmit the news when Randy called, his voice dense with the pain of his loss. It was the loss of his and our heritage. In image after image, in historic photos, in thousands of books, in tapes of oral history he had amassed an archive. "This was going to be my legacy, to make people see," he said. To see, in Randy's words, meant people seeing that where they live has value and hence cherishing how they live and work. "It was this chance to transmit what was real and what was familiar," he said later after many sleepless nights. "It was done for a purpose: It was for making people preserve their heritage. And it proved so fragile."

Randy did not say that he could well have lost his life trying to rescue that heritage. Avoiding police blockades, he headed back to the inferno. As burning cedar shingles pinwheeled inches away, he approached his house. "It was like driving into the vortex of a volcano," Randy said, recalling the fireballs, the flames blistering the paint on his deck. He tried to spray down the house with a garden hose, managed to extract some negatives from an old icebox and fled. Leaving the house in flames he turned and, professional that he is, shot the scene: "That is the only picture of all that work," he said. "I feel stripped of all the resources I had."

Randy's photographic testament couldn't survive the 1,200-degree fire, but those of us who value the impact of those resources—and who respect his talent and tenacity—can only hope that the commitment to document that heritage endures. *Jane Holtz Kay*

IRON MAIDEN

Heidelberg, Germany

I wait impatiently by the mailbox for *The Nation* after its voyage across the Atlantic, hoping for a priceless Arthur Danto essay. But I must speak out against Danto's trivializing of Rosemarie Trockel's place in the history of women's art ["Art," Oct. 7]. Although knitting is the only widely practiced cloth making today, this has not always been the case. Until its mechanization (by men) in the nineteenth century, weaving represented the greatest contribution by women to art. Some of the greatest monuments of medieval art were made by women: the Bayeux tapestry and the Apocalypse of Angers, to mention only two. Great tapestries like those depicting the unicorn and the maiden were made in factorylike workshops in Flanders and Paris. Small Gobelins of remarkable inventiveness were woven at home. Girls of nomadic tribes of Asia found expression in their often improvised microcosmic kilims. A worthy appreciation of Trockel's works would not trivialize the intricate and meditative activity of making cloth. All her works should be seen *from within* the underrated canon of women's art.

Women may have unwillingly woven at times but they were probably even less willing to iron. Danto missed a point of Trockel's untitled sculpture of 1988, an armless and defenseless wax torso of a female store mannequin (Think: How are female mannequins used?) threatened by two flatirons pointing at her breasts. Hot irons are not simply the fetters of women's drudgery—in the Middle Ages, when a woman was tortured, her breasts were burned with irons. Danto may despise lexically readable art, but readability is essential in political art. Trockel's work is multileveled, and we mustn't mistake the ideological clichés for the entire content. *Gregory Harwell*

STONE MAIDEN

Albany, N.Y.

Arthur Danto described Trockel's *Pennsylvania Station* as "an abstract stove . . . alongside what looks to be the packing case in which it came" with "a third component, at the bottom of the packing case—a sort of charred and overcooked mermaid. . . . Its mouth is open in a stifled cry, its hands are covering its ears." I have not seen the work. However, an image immediately comes to mind: the famous photograph of a carved stone maiden from the demolished Penn Station lying in the rubble of a New Jersey dump. She would naturally be screaming. How would you feel if your palatial Beaux Arts home were pulled down beneath you, and you were landfilled in the Meadowlands? The abstract-stove/packing-case components might suggest the undistinguished, prefab Madison Square Garden that replaced the old station. *Shawn Stone*

HALLOWED BE THY NAMES

Crestline, Calif.

I have just run John Leonard's review of Mailer's *Harlot's Ghost*, "The Trouble With Harry" [Nov. 18], through MACNAMEDROP, a computer program I've been developing here at the Bureau of Pomposity. MACNAMEDROP scans articles and book reviews for references to persons (living, dead, fictional and nonfictional), counts them and assigns the author an Index of Pretentiousness, or "I.P." For the record, here's MACNAMEDROP's report of the names referred to in Leonard's review:

Achilles, James Jesus Angleton, Hannah Arendt, Aristotle, Arjuna, A.J. Ayer, Baal, Lauren Bacall, Bavarian Illuminati, Saul Bellow, Isaiah Berlin, Berserkirs, Jorge Luis Borges, Boston Red Sox, Pete Brewton, Lenny Bruce, Martin Buber, William F. Buckley, Fidel Castro, Whittaker Chambers, Montgomery Clift, Joseph Conrad, Crazy Horse, Don DeLillo, Joan Didion, Joe DiMaggio, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, Allen Dulles, T.S. Eliot, Jason Epstein, Judith Exner, Frantz Fanon, David Ferrie, Rick Fields, Gustave Flaubert, Frenesi, Sigmund Freud, Carlos Fuentes, Art Garfunkel, Robert Gates, Sam Giancana, Mel Gibson, Gilgamesh, Gary Gilmore, Hamann, William King Harvey, Ernest Hemingway, Henderson the Rain King, Herder, Moses Hess, Adolf Hitler, Jimmy Hoffa, John Hollander, Hoplites, L. Ron Hubbard, Howard Hughes, E. Howard Hunt, John Huston, Jahannam, Randall Jarrell, Jigoku, Carl Jung, Franz Kafka, Bobby Kennedy, Jack Kennedy, Jackie Kennedy, Lyndon LaRouche, John le Carré, Stan Lee, Doris Lessing, Lovett, Robert Lowell, Robert Ludlum, Gustav Mahler, Nelson Mandela, Tom Mangold, Thomas Mann, Maruts, Karl Marx, Sir John Masterman, Elaine May, Menenhetet, Arthur Miller, Marilyn Monroe, Mormons, Benito Mussolini, Vladimir Nabokov, Mike Nichols, Nietzsche, Blackford Oakes, George Orwell, Sergius O'Shaugnessy, Octavio Paz, Michelle Pfeiffer, Ezra Pound, Thomas Pynchon, Don Quixote, Wilhelm Reich, Rojack, Jean-Jacques Rousseau, Kurt Russell, David St. John, Sambia of New Guinea, Jean-Paul Sartre, Scaramouche, Scath, Arthur Schlesinger Jr., Paul Simon (the singer), Frank Sinatra, C.P. Snow, Georges Sorel, Julian Sorel, Spartans, Rudolph Steiner, Stoics, Emanuel Swedenborg, Taoist warrior-sages, Tripmaster Monkey, Hermes Trismegistus, John Updike, Vico, Brock Vond, Popol Vuh, Robin Winks, Xibalba, Yaldabaoth, W.B. Yeats, Zapata, Zemblas.

Leonard's T.N.D. (total names dropped) comes to a handsome 129, which, divided by the length of the review, yields an I.P. of 21.5. Allowing for the fact that the reviewed work was written by Norman Mailer (no slouch himself) reduces Leonard's I.P. to 11.9, but his inclusion of the terms *Bildungsroman*, *roman à clef* and *Übermensch* (twice!) bumps it back up to just a smidgen over 12.

Leonard will be glad to know that this admirable score earns him the program's top rating, "I.C.-1" (Intellectual Climber First-Class). In fact, MACNAMEDROP pointed out but one flaw in the review: his failure to include a single name beginning with the letter "I." But as thinkers from Henrik Ibsen to Molly Ivins to Christopher Isherwood to Ivan the Terrible have pointed out, nobody's perfect. *Monte Montgomery*

THE NAKED AND THE READ

St. Louis

John Leonard's review consisted of inordinately long catalogues of the novel's themes and resonances, and it amounted to in-jokes between Leonard and his subject. Leonard should have read his essay aloud to Mailer alone and naked in a sauna. *Chris King*

CORRECTION

In Jane Holtz Kay's holiday list [Dec. 30], a fact-checking error mislocated Philadelphia's Boyd Theatre building.

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EDITORIALS.

Standards Time

Correct us if we're wrong, but didn't President Bush promise, in the wake of the Clarence Thomas debacle, to offer proposals for reforming the confirmation process? We're still waiting, though not with any keen anticipation. In the absence of presidential—or, for that matter, Congressional—proposals, here are our suggested standards for future judicial hearings.

Standards for the dialogue. The Bush Administration bet that the Democrats on the Senate Judiciary Committee would shrink from the challenge of confronting a black nominee on his civil rights record—and it was right. The same senators who grilled William Bradford Reynolds, former chief of the Justice Department's civil rights division, on his civil rights record froze when faced by Thomas. People of different races in this country nowadays are quite able to judge one another not by the color of their skin but by the content of their character, their beliefs and their actions, and to engage in an honest dialogue on sensitive racial matters. The Senate should do as much.

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Standards for nominees. Almost everyone can agree that a Supreme Court nominee should be a person of excellent character. In the Thomas hearings, the issue of character was muddled at the outset when Arlen Specter said that the judgment on him should be based on his "character," not his "record," which, Specter said, was fuzzy because the nominee had retracted some of his earlier views. Also, many of his writings and speeches did not represent his true beliefs because they had been designed to garner support from conservatives. Specter found nothing wrong with this kind of campaigning. Saying things one does not believe to win votes may be the norm in politics, but it ought to be a disqualification for serving on the Supreme Court. There are enough good people with solid convictions available to make it unnecessary to accept someone who shaves the truth in the service of ambition.

As to the nominee's record and philosophy, the American Bar Association calls for a commitment to "equal justice," the words carved in stone on the Supreme Court building. Of course, the question of whether a nominee should be urged to state his or her views on particular Supreme Court precedents is a tricky one. The pitfalls of seeking advance commitments from a nominee on specific issues in a highly charged political climate are obvious. But certain past decisions (for example, *Brown v. Board of Education* on the meaning of equal protection of the law and *Roe v. Wade* on the meaning of privacy and liberty) are so closely linked to broad constitutional principles crucial to protecting rights and liberties that hearing a nominee's views on them seems essential to assessing a commitment to equal justice. To state such views would not compromise a nominee's ability to adjudicate the many issues of interpretation and remedy that arise in particular cases.

The problem is eased, of course, when the nominee has articulated a philosophy that provides a guide to his or her decision making. In that case, even if the nominee has withheld comment on particular precedents, the committee can form a judgment. If in the future the Senate is unwilling to require nominees to have a demonstrated commitment to equal justice and a coherent judicial philosophy, the confirmation process is a sham.

Standards for senators. If the term "McCarthyism" is defined as the abuse of government authority by a public official calculated to cause harm to the reputation and career of a citizen, then it certainly was on display in the Thomas hearings. Recall the allegedly devastating list of charges against Anita Hill that Alan Simpson claimed to have but never produced. Or Specter's repeated accusations of perjury against Hill, based solely on a seeming inconsistency in her testimony on a peripheral point. Specter's defense—that he was merely doing a lawyer's job assigned him by the committee—doesn't wash. According to the A.B.A.'s Canons of Professional Ethics, lawyers are obliged to treat "adverse witnesses" with "fairness and due consideration." When citizens petition their government for a redress of grievances, they are entitled to proper consideration. Senators who abuse them should be brought to account before the Senate, as McCarthy was.

Standards for Presidents. If President Bush had consulted any group of eminent lawyers and scholars—conservative or liberal—he would have learned that Thomas could not make a list of the top 500 candidates. But Bush was more interested in scoring political points and playing the race card. And so he set in motion a process that brought all three branches of government into disrepute. No institutional fixes can improve the confirmation process if there is no sound judgment and generosity of spirit at the top.

JFK: The Myth

"He's hot, he's sexy—and he's dead." That memorable *Rolling Stone* headline referred to Jim Morrison, but it might well have been John F. Kennedy, the other subject of a major Oliver Stone release. Both men were American icons of the same generation, and in translating important aspects of their respective iconographies to the screen Stone was playing with fire. Though P.C. snobs may sneer at the fuss made over a couple of long-dead white men, the one a drug-enhanced, sex-crazed, promising but unfulfilled rock star; the other a drug-enhanced, sex-crazed, promising but unfulfilled politician, nevertheless the cults around the fallen idols are larger than life or death, fervently followed and vigorously, indeed viciously, defended.

Stone got off relatively easy with *The Doors*, an often rapturous movie that, unfortunately, not too many people went to see. (He told me last summer that he is especially angry at blacks, who apparently stayed away in droves for what Stone said were "racist" reasons.) *JFK* is a different matter. Even before it opened in mid-December it was a political event of phenomenal proportions: the story of the season between the Anita Hill–Clarence Thomas hearings and the end of the Soviet Union. Future conspiracy theorists will surely note that Mario Cuomo defied all expectations and announced his decision *not* to run for the presidency *on the very day that* JFK *opened nationwide*!

Notwithstanding the particular assassination theory Stone propounds, and his rather adoring assessment of Kennedy's foreign policy, the furious arguments and attacks engendered by the movie have very little to do with the material of history but rather abound in the stuff of myth. For virtually every American alive and conscious of a social reality in November 1963, the assassination forms the central political myth of the public world. The myth is in the matrix of the national experience, etched by television and consecrated by ritual, and no amount of political science will demystify the memory of murder.

Those dogged researchers who have dared over the years to deconstruct the myth have made hardly a dent in the national consciousness. Most have been labeled assassination maniacs, nuts and kooks, and their works have remained on the margins of legitimacy (and some really *are* nuts). Others (like myself, and more recently in these pages, my friend Alexander Cockburn) who have tried to debunk the part of the myth that insists that Kennedy was about to withdraw troops from Vietnam, achieve détente with Khrushchev and bestow peace on the world, have similarly made little headway with

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history. When the Prince of Peace is martyred, no one wants to hear that he was not a prince nor particularly pacific.

Stone neither deconstructs nor debunks. His method is to substitute another myth—consistent, compelling and just a little unconvincing—for the "official" one that seems to have been a comfort for so long but is so shot full of holes by now that it can barely float. Certainly he has every right to do what he does. John Ford's *December Seventh*, recently reremembered as the fiftieth anniversary of Pearl Harbor came around, also mixed documentary footage with reconstructions and simulations, inserted historical speculations as ironclad fact and gave heroic (or villainous) dimensions to ordinary people. It was a great film and brilliant propaganda, which is to say, what movies ought to be.

But reasonable columnists like Tom Wicker (who was in Dallas that day), cool commentators like Cokie Roberts (whose father, Hale Boggs, was a member of the Warren Commission) and what seems like the unanimous journalistic establishment are ready to burn every print of *JFK* if they could because of the damage a countermyth, an alternative paradigm, is thought to do to the national spirit and, I guess, the collective will. Monolithic myths—the manifest decency of America, the infallibility of the church, the existence of historical truth—are more fascistic than any transient leader. In that case, a little narrative pluralism can be truly subversive. Now, it may be hard for some to admit that Oliver Stone, with $40 million per film at his disposal and virtually unlimited media access, can be a subversive force, but he has done a great service by recasting the idols in the heart of the temple.

ANDREW KOPKIND

(A review of JFK *appears on page 62.)*

Boris the Brief?

Forced out of office and deliberately humiliated, Mikhail Gorbachev nevertheless left the historical stage with the dignity of an actor who was aware of the crucial part he had played. In his final address to the Soviet people on Christmas Eve, he justified *perestroika* on the ground that when he took over, the Soviet people could not go on living as they had: "Everything had to be altered radically" both on the home front and in foreign policy. But he did not try to explain why he ultimately failed, why he ended up putting his divided country on the road to capitalism after setting out with the clear purpose of leading it, united, to some form of democratic socialism. If he intends to tackle this issue in the memoirs he now has the leisure to write, he may well draw a lesson from the farewell tributes paid to him by Bush, Thatcher and company. The Western leaders who hailed him when he surrendered had failed to help him economically when it really mattered, because they still mistrusted his conversion to capitalism.

With Boris Yeltsin, the sincerity of his conversion is not the issue. The question is whether he can deliver. There was never any doubt about his ruthless capacity to bulldoze his way to the top. This apparatchik turned born-again capitalist, the scourge of privilege converted to preacher of profit, was not burdened by principles in his climb. In the last phase of his battle against Gorbachev, when Russia stripped away the remaining prerogatives and properties of the Soviet Union, leaving its president naked, Yeltsin played by his own rules—establish facts first and worry about legal justifications later.

The snag is that what is useful on the way to the top may be awkward once you get there. The breakup of the Soviet Union suited Yeltsin's plan, but will Moscow now be able to bully Ukraine or Kazakhstan into line, notably to accept a unified military command? The real difficulty, however, is economic. It was one thing to put the blame for the economic disaster on Gorbachev and a central government allegedly not bold enough to follow the recommendations of the International Monetary Fund. It is quite another to apply those recommendations—which will mean a dramatic rise in prices, a drastic drop in living standards and a sharp increase in unemployment—with the scapegoat gone.

Contrary to current belief, it took years for Gorbachev to lose the bulk of his popularity at home. It may be a matter of months for his successor. Will he go down as Boris the Brief, swiftly swept aside by a wave of popular discontent? Or will he be known as Boris the Terrible because of the measures he could impose to break popular resistance? Judging by the steps he's taken during this period of transition—the promise nearly to double the pay of Russian soldiers and the attempt to revive a mighty Ministry of the Interior—he may well try (unlike Gorbachev) to cling to power by hook and by crook.

Yet the question of Yeltsin's ultimate fate aside, it has become increasingly clear that while the old regimes could be brought down throughout Eastern Europe with the help of a popular movement, capitalism cannot be introduced in that area by genuinely democratic means. As this idea is being confirmed, the hypocrisy of our establishments—so fond in the past of democracy and of movement from below, provided they occurred beyond the Elbe—will be revealed. And what if it was not freedom and the rule of law that were always at stake but profits and the forms of ownership? Could Orwell have imagined that the heir to Big Brother in that part of the world, though let us hope a provisional one, would be the International Monetary Fund?

DANIEL SINGER

Edward Sorel is taking two months off to recharge his batteries. Robert Grossman will ably fill the page.

★

Chariot Of Embers

Buchanan says let's break away
From foreign states—the pack that trapped us.
We'll run in daylight, all alone
(Because the Japanese have lapped us).

Calvin Trillin

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MINORITY REPORT.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

Damascus/Aleppo/Hama

You would barely know it, what with the hectic press of non-events, but Hafez al-Assad was recently re-elected for a fourth seven-year term as President of Syria. I covered much of the campaign, which made up in color and dash what it lacked in candidates. Every day and every city saw its rally, its motorcade, its pledge of allegiance—all of these reported with customary brio in the *Syrian Times*. As you may know, Damascus has a friendly rivalry with Aleppo about which of them is the oldest continuously inhabited city in the world. Making a sporting allusion to this, President Assad at one point spoke of Damascus as the city in which human habitation had been the longest and most uninterrupted. I fear for the copy editor of the *Syrian Times* who in next day's edition quoted the leader as saying that Damascus was the capital in which human life had been "more often interrupted" than any other. There are misprints, and there are mistranslations, and there is rank sabotage.

The city of Hama in 1982 witnessed its own share of life-interruption. Nobody knows quite how many men and boys of military age were made an end of during that year's uprising of the Muslim Brotherhood, but it could be as many as 20,000. Difficult to imagine now, with the city coated in portraits of Assad and a cluster of modern resort buildings looking out over the old Roman waterwheels. The veil, however, has not descended upon the local women and the Brotherhood—potentially strong among Syria's Sunni majority—hasn't been heard from since.

Indeed, a little farther north, among the Armenians of Aleppo, one heard nothing but praise for Assad's "firm handling" of the 1982 unrest. Armen Mazloumian, who manages the city's famous old Baron's Hotel (T.E. Lawrence in the visitor's book, along with Agatha Christie and General de Gaulle—you know the sort of thing), pointed to the photograph of Assad in his dining room with some pride. It was not put up under any compulsion, he said, though during the 1982 revolt he had prudently taken it down. Syria's numerous Christians sense that Assad, too, is from a minority religious group—the Alawis—and believe that it is in his interest to protect the smaller confessions. "I defy you," said Mr. Mazloumian, "to name a Syrian leader who has been better for this country and its minorities."

So it was that a few nights later, on the biblical street called Straight in the old quarter of Damascus (where St. Paul was healed by Ananias, as mentioned in Acts IX:10-18, and thus gave rise to so many of our present discontents), I waited for the "Syrian Jews for Hafez al-Assad" demonstration to begin. I hadn't completely believed that it was going to come off, but Rabbi Ibrahim Hamra was prompt upon his hour. He led a large and well-organized convoy of vehicles (tactlessly described as "fancy cars" in next day's *Syrian Times*) bearing slogans that were more than fulsome. "Our blood, our souls, we pledge our lives to you, O Hafez." That was one of the favorites.

I know what you're thinking. When the Syrian authorities suggest that a spontaneous manifestation of joyful support is in order, it's a case of y'all come, y'hear. Be there or be square. And I'm no dupe. I had been round the Jewish quarter (there are more than twenty synagogues in operation) a few hours earlier. Seeking the opinion of a Jewish pharmacist who was putting up his shutters, I had been asked to forget it in a torrent of words in which the term *mukhabarat*—secret police—had been unmistakable. I'd also heard of a community leader who had received a "be there or be square" telephone call. But the crowd seemed quite keen, honking and waving more than was necessary to the Arab passers-by. Then David was there.

"Are you a journalist? Have you been followed? Please come to my home for tea." I followed the sudden David—not his name—through a warren of streets. Unlocking a door, he offered hospitality and showed me, in order, his collection of Torah books and his souvenir dollar bill, brought in from Brooklyn, from the Lubavitcher Rebbe. Now, I thought, for some uncoerced testimony. "What do you think of Assad?"

"Well, I really like him."

Was David a plant or an agent? It didn't seem likely. He told me that he was a religious Zionist who believed that the Third Temple would one day descend from heaven (bang on top of the Al Aqsa mosque, by the way) to herald the Messiah. He spoke warmly of Rabbi Schneerson of Crown Heights. He complained that Syrian Jews were not allowed to leave the country (although his sister had done so) without paying burdensome imposts. He told me the names of two Jewish families imprisoned for trying to leave on the quiet. I doubt that a *provocateur* would have said any of this. But he insisted that the regime was a protection to Jews against the fundamentalists, and that many people at the demonstration were perfectly sincere, including himself.

But blood, soul, *life*? What about Assad's view of Palestine? "The Palestinians should have a part of Palestine"—this said rather grudgingly, since David doesn't like the Palestinian neighbors who live near the Jewish quarter. I forgot to ask about Aloïs Brunner, the Nazi criminal who shelters in Damascus and whose extradition is refused by the government, but I doubt it would have made much difference. David and many of his co-religionists have made a wager in which Assad is, for the moment, the best imaginable leader of Syria. Indeed, many Jews and Christians say they are afraid of what would happen to them if he went. But has a one-man regime that creates anxiety about its successor really brought stability?

With shaloms and adieus, David walked me back to the Bab el Sharqui, gateway to the Christian and Jewish quarter. The streets were very quiet and I didn't see anybody, but I must have been lax because the next day David was at my hotel. "The *mukhabarat* came round as soon as you left. They wanted to know if we talked about politics." The true answer to that was—not really. David didn't seem to regret our conversation, but how was I to tell Syrian Baathists that behind closed doors they had unexpected Jewish support? If that support—or any other kind—was truly voluntary, they would have been completely baffled by it.

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BY ROBERT GROSSMAN
CAP'N BUSHY
HE'S THE GREATEST FLYING SQUIRREL WHO EVER LIVED, BUT RIGHT NOW CAP'N BUSHY IS DEPRESSED:
DARN THESE POLLS! NOBODY LOVES ME ANYMORE!
DAILY ANIMAL
BUSHY IN TROUBLE!
-AND YET—THE PUBLIC CAN BE SO FORGIVING! PEEWEE'S WEE-WEE, CLARENCE'S JOHN THOMAS, AND WILLIE'S WILLIE ALL ENDED UP BRINGING THOSE GUYS A LOT OF SYMPATHY!
THAT'S IT! TO REGAIN THE NATION'S GOOD WILL I'VE JUST GOT TO GET MY DICK INTO THE NEWS!
SNAP!
-NO- WAIT A MINUTE. I'VE GOT A BETTER IDEA...
LET'S HAVE ANOTHER WAR!
LUCKILY AT THIS MOMENT SADDY THE BADDY-THE MOST EVIL WEASEL ON EARTH-REVEALS HIS SECRET WEAPON-THE DREX-RAY-CAPABLE OF DRENCHING THE ENTIRE PLANET WITH STINKING EXCREMENT!
GET READY FOR A NEW WORLD ORDURE!
QUICKLY CAP'N BUSHY OUTLINES HIS WAR PLAN TO HIS DEPUTY, DANNY THE QUAIL:
WE'LL CAST A GIANT BLOCK OF LEAD SHAPED EXACTLY LIKE WEASEL-LAND, FLY IT OVER AND DROP IT!
GIANT BLOCK OF LEAD
WEASEL-LAND
NEAT, CAP'N BUSHY! BUT...
WHAT IF THERE'S A SLIGHT FLAW IN THE CASTING JUST BIG ENOUGH FOR SADDY TO CLIMB THROUGH—
-AND WHEN WE DROP THE BLOCK HE JUST HAPPENS TO BE STANDING IN THE RIGHT PLACE...
THAT'S A GOOD POINT, DANNY! HMMM— MAYBE YOU CAN GET YOUR DICK INTO THE NEWS...

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ARTICLES.

THE LIE THAT WOULDN'T DIE

'Rape by Innuendo' At Swarthmore

JON WIENER

For more than a year, newspapers and magazines across the United States have reported that Swarthmore College regards "inappropriate innuendo" as the equivalent of rape. That definition has been cited in publications ranging from *U. S. News & World Report* to *Playboy* to *Time* as evidence of the absurdity of feminist thinking about date rape. But Swarthmore has never made such a statement; students and college officials have repeatedly tried to set the record straight, to no avail. The story reveals a great deal about the media's standards of accuracy when it comes to women's issues, and about the current backlash against feminism.

Swarthmore is significant because it led the country in developing a program to reduce date rape. In 1985 it became perhaps the first college to make its own video to teach students about acquaintance rape. Students wrote, produced and acted in it. The video was shown to freshmen at the beginning of the academic year. "We got so much national publicity," says Lorna Shurkin, Swarthmore's director of public relations. "The message of our video was that both men and women have to communicate—if you are the woman you have to say 'no' forcefully; if you are the man you have to make your intentions clear. We wanted other schools to do what we did." The video inspired articles in *The Boston Globe*, *The Philadelphia Inquirer*, the *Chronicle of Higher Education* and a host of other newspapers. It received an award from the Los Angeles Commission on Assaults Against Women, and a segment on the *Today* show was devoted to it—"because we were the first," says Shurkin. More than 200 colleges, universities and rape crisis centers bought the Swarthmore tape for use on their own campuses.

In July 1990 a researcher for *U.S. News* columnist John Leo called Swarthmore dean Janet Dickerson and asked, "Is it true that Swarthmore considers inappropriate innuendo to be rape?" Dickerson, now vice president of student affairs at Duke University, remembers telling him "No." "I said unequivocally nobody was going to be found guilty of rape at Swarthmore because of 'innuendo,' " she recalled. She referred the researcher to the campus public relations office for more information about the college's policy regarding rape.

The researcher asked the same question of Sara Waterman, a student assistant in the public relations office who took the call. She also recalls telling him no. Waterman, now a graduate student in communications at the University of California, San Diego, worked at the time in the school's date-rape awareness program, so she knew what she was talking about. She told him she would get him a copy of the student handbook, which stated college policy on date rape. He said he would call back about it the next day. He didn't leave his name, and he didn't call back.

Nevertheless, the next issue of *U.S. News* (August 13, 1990) included a column in which John Leo declared, "Driven by feminist ideology, we have constantly extended the definition of what constitutes illicit male behavior. Very ambiguous incidents are now routinely flattened out into male predation and firmly listed under date rape. In Swarthmore College's rape prevention program, 'inappropriate innuendo' is actually regarded as an example of acquaintance rape."

"We didn't know what they were talking about," says Shurkin. "The *U.S. News* guy didn't tell us where he got that phrase, but we started looking. It took us quite a while, but eventually we found the source": a two-page discussion guide, written by a student in 1985 and sent out along with the video, suggesting topics for people leading workshops on date rape. The discussion guide said that topics should not be limited to "violent stranger rape" but should include a spectrum of behaviors ranging from "inappropriate innuendo" at one end to forcible rape at the other. The guide, intended for discussions following the viewing of the date-rape video, included the sentence, "Acquaintance rape as will be discussed spans a spectrum of incidents and behaviors ranging from crimes legally defined as rape to verbal harassment and inappropriate innuendo." The discussion guide had never been distributed to students, had not been in use for several years when Leo wrote his piece, and did not express college policy.

Jan Boswinkel, the student who wrote the discussion guide, graduated from Swarthmore in 1985; today he is a vice president of J.P. Morgan. "I didn't mean to equate innuendo with rape when I wrote that guide," he said. "And no one who conducted our workshops said innuendo was the same as rape—absolutely no one. The sentence is a little bit ambiguous. I meant that in the workshops we are going to talk about a whole continuum of behavior, not just legal rape, which requires some form of penetration." He concluded, "It's baloney to write that at Swarthmore innuendo is equated with rape."

Students were upset and outraged by the *U.S. News* column. Sara Waterman wrote a letter to the editor: "Mr. Leo has grossly misstated the facts about Swarthmore College's policy on sexual harassment and acquaintance rape." Inappropriate innuendo might constitute sexual harassment, but sexual harassment and sexual assault "lie at opposite ends of a wide spectrum. . . . Swarthmore's Acquaintance Sexual Assault Prevention program is concerned with raising awareness of that whole spectrum." She pointed out that Leo's fact checker had been given the correct information, but that Leo printed false information, which she called "inexcusable." *U.S. News* didn't print the letter.

Dean Dickerson wrote her own letter to the editors of *U.S.*

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News, reporting that she told Leo's fact checker that "Swarthmore College most definitely does not regard 'inappropriate innuendo' as an example of acquaintance rape." She asked them to print a correction. Editor Michael Ruby wrote back, saying "We cannot agree that Mr. Leo was misinformed," but he added that *U.S. News* would "consider" publishing "a short letter of clarification." When no letter was printed, Lorna Shurkin wrote to the magazine, requesting that they run one of the Swarthmore letters or, better yet, a correction in Leo's own column.

Jill Chaifetz was the Swarthmore student who in 1985 produced the school's date-rape video; she was a sophomore at the time. Today she is a lawyer who runs an organization that places law students in public-interest positions in New York. She helped train date-rape workshop facilitators at Swarthmore, and then at colleges and universities across the Northeast, and she conducted workshops herself. She also appeared on TV shows to discuss date rape, including *A.M. Philadelphia* and *Today*. "We never said sexual innuendo is the same as rape," she recalled. "I never heard any other facilitator say anything like that. It never would have occurred to us."

Leo's column in *U.S. News* also declared that a date-rape policy like Swarthmore's would "ruin sex for the next generation." Swarthmore senior Jessica Lang-McGrew commented, "Nothing can ruin sex faster for young people than having it forced upon them." Lang-McGrew, a biochemistry major from Washington, D.C., who is currently a coordinator of the school's acquaintance sexual assault prevention workshop, explained, "We're trying to protect young people's right to choose whether or not to engage in any kind of sexual behavior, to choose with whom and in what context. We're not out to ruin sex. We mention in our workshops that we don't want to be the junior antisex league. We do want to make a distinction between consensual and nonconsensual behavior." Waterman commented that for Leo, " 'ruining sex' entails taking out the element of conquest. To me that doesn't seem to ruin sex at all but makes it something more equal." Leo argued that date-rape awareness programs were making sex less fun for everybody, but Waterman says, "We need to ask, whose fun is being ruined here? Women are saying, 'This has not been fun for us. We don't think sexual equality will ruin our fun.' "

The "rape by innuendo at Swarthmore" story appeared in other places. The libertarian magazine *Reason* (motto on masthead: "Free Minds & Free Markets") published an article on date rape written by Stephanie Gutmann. She quoted the "inappropriate innuendo" line as an example of how date-rape awareness programs like Swarthmore's "undermine personal responsibility" and "trivialize the very idea of sexual violence." Under Swarthmore's definition, she reported, "a man who whined until his girlfriend agreed to have sex with him would be guilty of rape."

Reason subsequently printed a letter (from a man) praising Gutmann for her "courage and clarity" and a letter from two Swarthmore students, Lang-McGrew and Melissa Emrey-Arras, stating that Gutmann's article "drastically misrepresents the ideology, purpose, and methods" of the Swarthmore workshops. "Our goal," the students wrote, "is to help women and men believe strongly enough in their right to refuse sex that they do refuse authoritatively, rather than tolerating the behavior of someone who ignores polite protests. . . . Failing to assert oneself is not a crime; using another person's body for sex without that person's consent is."

Gutmann replied in print that the "inappropriate innuendo" phrase she quoted "accurately reflects the fuzziness of the definitions employed by date-rape educators." It certainly did not accurately reflect Swarthmore's policy or practice. Her reply to the Swarthmore students quoted Leo's *U.S. News* column in support of her own position.

The rape-by-innuendo-at-Swarthmore story appeared next in *The Washington Times*, the Moonie daily, which ran the story on August 10, 1990, in editor Wesley Pruden's column: "Swarthmore College, which long ago rendered itself intellectually bankrupt with its relentless pursuit of the goo-goo fringe, now actually regards 'inappropriate innuendo,' which may be not very nice, as an example of 'acquaintance rape,' which deserves to be severely punished." He termed this a "nonsensical sexual-harassment code." Lorna Shurkin pointed out in a letter to Pruden that no such statement had ever appeared in any Swarthmore sexual harassment code. She requested that *The Washington Times* print a correction, but the paper never did.

The story appeared next in a syndicated newspaper column by Joanne Jacobs titled "Rape by Innuendo." Jacobs asked why rape victims don't report the crime to the police; the answer, she wrote, "can be found in a July 1990 article in *Reason* magazine by Stephanie Gutmann that describes how 'date rape' is defined to students." She quoted the Swarthmore phrase and concluded that "these so-called feminists are saying that . . . 'date rape' means anything from rape to 'I wish

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I hadn't done that.' " Jacobs is a columnist for the *San Jose Mercury News*; the column, distributed by Knight-Ridder, appeared in the Stamford, Connecticut, *Advocate*; the Madison, Wisconsin, *State Journal*; the Morristown, New Jersey, *Daily Record*; and the Little Rock, Arkansas, *Gazette*.

The Washington Times used the "inappropriate innuendo" line for a second time in September 1990, in an editorial titled "Is 'date rape' a fraud?" The editorial quoted Stephanie Gutmann's article as the source for its story. The News Talk Radio network called Swarthmore in September 1990 to say it had read the *U.S. News* column about "inappropriate innuendo" and wanted to do a "battle line" interview about the school's policy. The school provided a spokesperson, who tried to set the record straight.

Playboy ran the rape-by-innuendo story in October 1990. The author was once again Stephanie Gutmann, whose article from *Reason* had been fixed up. "If we're to believe media reports, the incidence of date rape has reached crisis proportions," she declared, but "forty-three percent of the women classified as rape victims [by date-rape researchers] had not realized they'd been raped." The *Playboy* editors ran that sentence as the pull quote; it's probably as reliable as the "inappropriate innuendo" quote. After repeating the line, Gutmann's *Playboy* article concluded, "The new definition of rape gives women a simple way of thinking about sex. . . . Bad feelings after sex become someone else's fault." Swarthmore students Lang-McGrew and Emrey-Arras had answered that argument in their letter to *Reason*: "When these feelings are the result not of her choice but of someone else's choice imposed on her, then they are most emphatically not her fault."

New York magazine followed, with its January 21, 1991, cover story, "Are You Politically Correct?" The article, by John Taylor, quoted the "inappropriate innuendo" phrase and held up Swarthmore as an example of a place where "all sexual encounters that involve any confusion or ambivalence constitute rape." The magazine included feminist concern about date rape with Afrocentrism as examples of "fascism of the left"; the article was accompanied by a photo of Nazis burning books in the 1930s.

A third version of Gutmann's article appeared in the *Detroit News and Free Press* (circulation 1.2 million) in March 1991, again reporting the "inappropriate innuendo" line about Swarthmore.

NEW VIDEO

Last fall Swarthmore premiered a new video on acquaintance sexual assault that reflects the changes that have taken place in the program since 1985. The new video dramatizes scenes of assault and includes readings by actors of true statements written by Swarthmore students about their experiences of sexual assault. Director of public relations Lorna Shurkin (Swarthmore College, Swarthmore, PA 19081) hopes the new video will be available for showing at other colleges later this year. It will come with a new discussion guide. J.W.

The climax of rape-by-innuendo-at-Swarthmore came on June 3, 1991, in the historic *Time* cover story, "Date Rape." A *Time* cover marks with rare authority the emergence of an idea, especially when the magazine claims the article has 24 million readers. The essay, by Nancy Gibbs, ran the "inappropriate innuendo" quote and held up Swarthmore as an institution that "sees rape as a metaphor, its definition swelling to cover any kind of oppression of women."

Again Swarthmore students tried to correct the record. Lang-McGrew and Karama Neal, coordinators of the school's date-rape program, wrote a letter to the editor explaining that the original discussion guide "did not intend to say . . . that verbal harassment or innuendo 'qualifies as rape,' but rather that discussion of the issues involved in sexual assault should not be limited to narrowly defined rape." *Time* didn't print the letter; what is more, it used the quote a second time, on October 14, 1991, in a piece titled "The Trials of Convicting Rapists." In an interview with Linda Fairstein (who prosecuted the "preppy murder case," in which Robert Chambers pleaded guilty in 1988 to first-degree manslaughter in the death of Jennifer Levin in New York's Central Park), reporter Margaret Carlson said that "a pamphlet on date rape published by Swarthmore College" equated "inappropriate innuendo" with rape. "Isn't that going too far?" she asked. Fairstein replied, "It does a terrible disservice to rape survivors."

The president of Swarthmore's student council, Michael Dennis, sent a letter to the editor of *Time*. The phrase "inappropriate innuendo," he explained, appeared in a 1985 student-written pamphlet that is "no longer in use, and to focus on this outdated quote detracts from the seriousness of the issue." Eventually *Time* ran the letter, but in a context that robbed it of significance: It was alongside a letter attacking heavy metal rock music and another defending *The New Republic* (written by its editor in chief, Martin Peretz).

Meanwhile, John Leo repeated the story in his *U.S. News* column of October 28, 1991, writing, "At Swarthmore, 'inappropriate innuendo' was listed as an example of rape in an antirape brochure for students." Swarthmore's policy, he argued, "comes from open distaste for heterosexual sex." Sara Waterman replied, "At Swarthmore to my knowledge there is no open distaste for heterosexual sex. The goal of the program as I saw it was not to eliminate heterosexual sex but to improve it."

When I called John Leo to ask about his use of the "innuendo" quote, he said, "Are you going to put in your story that Victor Navasky is a Swarthmore trustee?" (Navasky is actually a member of the school's board of managers.) "We were convinced that the document was authentic," Leo explained. "When we called Swarthmore, they stonewalled. When journalists get stonewalled on documents they know are genuine, they go ahead." The document he quoted was authentic in the narrowest sense: It was not a forgery; it had indeed been written by Jan Boswinkel in 1985. But it was not an authentic "antirape brochure for students," as Leo declared in his column; it was not an authentic statement of Swarthmore school policy, nor was it an authentic statement of the beliefs of the people who ran the date-rape workshops; according to its

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author, it was not even an authentic statement of his own beliefs about date rape.

The story demonstrates that several of America's mainstream publications, with tens of millions of readers, have no shame about using and reusing the same discredited quote as long as it serves an antifeminist political agenda. Another disturbing fact: Most of the key articles attacking Swarthmore's date-rape awareness program were written by women. Stephanie Gutmann, a recent graduate of the Columbia University Graduate School of Journalism, sold three different versions of her article, including one to *Playboy*; the newspaper column with the widest syndication had a woman author; both *Time* articles were written by women. The lesson: Women journalists can go far if they attack feminism. The entire story dramatizes the power of journalists and editors to distort facts and then, instead of correcting their distortions, continue to spread them. Why would anyone do such a thing? To portray date rape as an insignificant, foolish issue; to damage and defame those who seek to prevent it. Thus the college that led the country in developing programs to prevent date rape finds its efforts trivialized, discredited and ridiculed. □

NON-ALIGNED NO MORE?

India's Passage To Washington

PRAFUL BIDWAI

New Delhi

A radical change is being quietly but resolutely wrought in India's relations with the United States. The change represents a clean break with India's independent, non-aligned foreign policy and heralds a new "partnership," possibly a "strategic consensus," even an alliance, between the two countries. If recent developments are any indication, India—erstwhile leader of the Non-Aligned Movement, vocal critic of hegemonic U.S. policies and suspect in Washington's eyes since the days of John Foster Dulles—is all set to enter into close political, strategic and economic "cooperation" with America under her tutelage. These recent developments include radical right-wing changes in India's economic policies, numerous strategic cooperation agreements being negotiated between the two countries, narrowing differences on the nuclear proliferation issue in South Asia and unprecedentedly close Indo-U.S. coordination in the U.N. Security Council, of which India is currently a member.

Nothing exemplifies the new trend as vividly as the November 26 decision of U.S. Trade Representative Carla Hills to defer trade sanctions against India, and the visit to New Delhi and Islamabad of Reginald Bartholomew, the U.S. Under Secretary of State for International Security Affairs. Hills's decision stands in sharp contrast to the one on China; that country now faces U.S. retaliatory trade measures because it

Praful Bidwai is a senior editor with The Times of India.

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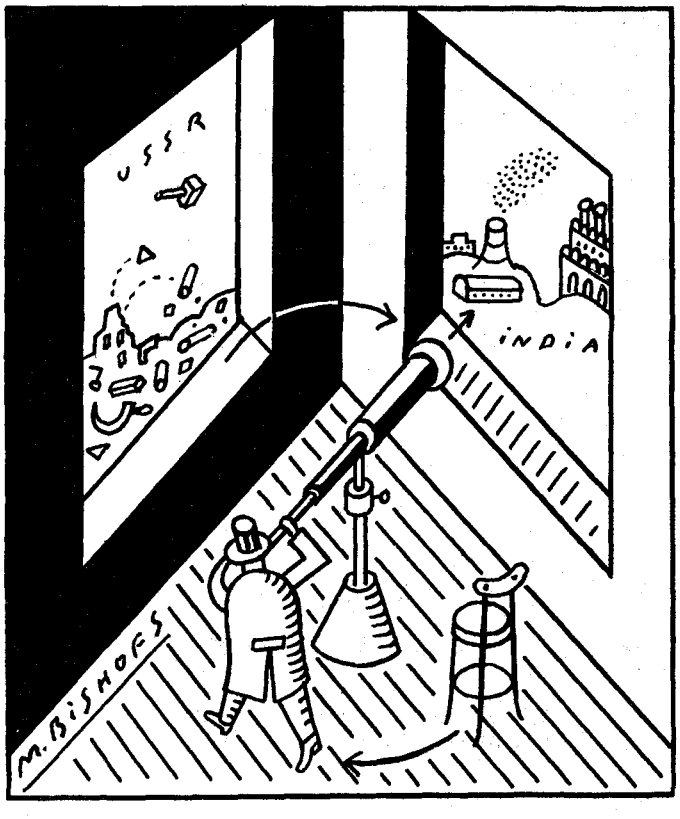
allegedly does not grant adequate protection to intellectual property in the form of patents, trademarks and copyrights. Six months ago, both China and India were put on a watch list under Special 301 (named after the relevant section of the U.S. trade act). Hills's reasons for giving India a three-month breather on retaliatory sanctions, which could hurt the ailing, debt-ridden Indian economy a great deal, are twofold. The first is to express U.S. appreciation of recent far-reaching pro-Western changes in Indian economic policies. And the second is to put New Delhi on notice that unless it continues in the same direction, it will face retaliation.

The Special 301 watch list concerns the Indian position on Intellectual Property Rights (I.P.R.), specifically patents. India allows a much shorter duration for patents, forbids product (as distinct from process) patents in pharmaceuticals and food, and is not a signatory to the Paris convention on patents. The United States has repeatedly told India that it would be in India's own "best interests" to modify its patent law—the product of strong economic nationalist urges and a prolonged public debate in the 1950s and 1960s in this country—and replace it with the Mexican model, which is widely regarded as being subservient to U.S. interests. New Delhi is under enormous U.S. pressure to fall in line, which it has only feebly and uncertainly resisted. Domestic industry groups that have benefited from the system of weak I.P.R. protection, which balances unequal Western competition, fear that it is only a matter of time before New Delhi gives in.

Bartholomew's November visit was in a way even more significant. The U.S. official's mission was to begin the process of trying to rope India and Pakistan into a new regional arrangement for nuclear restraint, which differs from the nuclear nonproliferation treaty (N.P.T.) of 1968. (New Delhi has long opposed the N.P.T. on "principle"—in reality, because it did not want to close the nuclear weapons option.)



The arrangement under discussion is a five-nation conference (including, besides India and Pakistan, the United States, the former Soviet Union and China) that would put a cap on Indian and Pakistani nuclear capabilities without dismantling them. Also on the table is a far more sensible proposal for a nuclear weapons–free zone in South Asia, but that is unlikely to be vigorously pursued. The conference proposal accepts the "reality" of the relatively advanced state of nuclear weapons development in India and Pakistan, but prevents actual weapons production or the full development of medium-range nuclear-capable missiles. Bartholomew succeeded in getting India to agree to discuss further the five-nation conference proposal, a slightly modified version of a plan introduced last spring by Pakistan's Prime Minister, Nawaz Sharif, which India rejected. Bartholomew repeatedly reassured New Delhi that the United States recognizes it as the pre-eminent power in the South Asian region. Capping nuclear capabilities at their present levels thus means implicitly acknowledging Indian superiority over Pakistan. (Estimates of Pakistan's capability and the strength of its facilities vary widely. While a few estimates based on Western intelligence reports suggest that Pakistan has already crossed the nuclear threshold, the majority are more ambivalent; no one considers the two countries to be equal.)

But Bartholomew's proposal pales into insignificance beside an elaborate agenda for strategic realignment known as the "Kicklighter proposals," after Lieut. Gen. Claude Kicklighter, formerly commander of the U.S. Army in the Pacific. These include:

§ visits by chiefs of staff on an annual basis;

§ setting up of an Indian/U.S. Army executive steering council;

§ regular staff talks between the two armies at the staff level;

§ reciprocal visits by other senior commanders;

§ combined training activities;

§ U.S. and Indian Army participation in the Pacific Command's joint committee-level meeting program;

§ attendance and participation in regional conferences;

§ Indian and U.S. Army Pacific co-hosting of the Pacific Armies Management Seminar in 1993;

§ collective training information exchange and cooperation.

These items add up to something akin to an alliance, or at least an exceptionally close partnership, that goes well beyond the 1971 Indo-Soviet treaty of peace and friendship. The putative gain for New Delhi is U.S. acknowledgment of India as the power center of South Asia and a junior partner of the United States.

The process of reaching either a new regional compact or a wholly new cooperative relationship between India and the United States has not been without misunderstanding on both sides. India is being treated as a special case but within a larger framework dictated by the United States. New Delhi has been told that it cannot possibly hope for an equal or balanced partnership. It has accepted this, however reluctantly. The United States has been using a combination of persuasion, threats and coercion to achieve major changes in the Indian stand.

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In India, the new orientation is being ruthlessly pushed through without as much as a policy-planning paper, detailed discussions between the concerned ministries, or Cabinet deliberations, let alone public or parliamentary debate. Two successive governments have promoted the new orientation; both have had a minority representation in Parliament. The present administration, headed by Prime Minister P.V. Narasimha Rao, lacks a mandate for such a wholesale change of major policies.

The impetus for the realignment lies in five longer-term factors and processes. First, the end of the cold war, dissolution of the Warsaw Pact and the Soviet collapse have decisively altered the context in which India conducts its foreign policy. The Soviet Union's countervailing power to the West has disappeared, cutting the ground from under India's traditional refusal to align itself with either bloc.

Second, a major premise of Western, particularly U.S., postwar policy—the essential viability of the state Communist system—has been rendered invalid. Now the United States need make no more allowances for noncapitalist, nonmarket political systems or seek to accommodate the concerns of the Third World. This has only added to New Delhi's sense of a loss of moorings.

Third, non-alignment is coming apart in its specific organizational form. Such pillars of the Non-Aligned Movement as Yugoslavia and Egypt can only figure in a nostalgic account of its past. New recruits like the Netherlands and Germany, which are joining as guest members, will seal its future, such as it is. The point is that India has failed to build an alternative structure to the Non-Aligned Movement.

Fourth, a big rift has opened up between the United States and Pakistan. Not only have "strategic consensus" and joint management of the mujahedeen operation in Afghanistan ended but Pakistan's place in U.S. strategy is shrinking. A segment of New Delhi's policy-makers wishes to insert India into that vacuum.

Finally, there has been a major change in the Indian elite's perceptions of its country's place in the world, determined partly by domestic considerations and partly by external factors. This place has steadily contracted in size and importance; the political dimensions of India's role have been reduced largely to economic parameters. That is, India will be able to command attention only to the extent that it can become a roaring "Asian tiger" economically. To that end—self-evidently the appropriate goal—India must become America's junior partner.

The effect of all these developments is plain: The earlier conjunction between non-alignment and the pursuit of the national interest is dead. India, which for so long—under the irrepressibly moralistic, left-inclined Jawaharlal Nehru, the implacable Indira Gandhi, the maverick Morarji Desai and the unreliable Rajiv Gandhi—defied U.S. tutelage, has finally come around. As a result, the United States can put a blanket over the entire history of its own shortsighted South Asia policies and proceed to seal a quasi-alliance with a power it no longer needs to befriend in furtherance of the Larger Cause.

Also implicit in this is a resigned acceptance by the Indian elite of the reality that with the disappearance of the U.S.S.R. as a superpower, the possibilities of an "independent" course for the Third World have ended. This "realism" has prevailed because India's foreign policy is no longer based on the Nehruvian model of a domestic project of planned modernization and egalitarian development. Under Nehru, India's claim to a high status in the world community was based on the originality and grandeur of the Great Indian Project. Now that project is itself in danger of being abandoned.

One major factor explains this shrinking of vision: The Indian elite is willing to accept a subordinate and purely regional status for the country within a U.S.-prescribed framework of "stability" (read stable external and internal borders) and "democracy" (i.e., isolating Pakistan), because it is no longer assured of its authority in South Asia or confident of holding the country together on the basis of persuasion and consensus. Washington could be making a serious miscalculation, though. In pushing India hard toward an overtly, indeed slavishly, pro-American stand, it underestimates the strength of Third World nationalism and socialism in India. Its pressure is liable to generate a hostile reaction and further divide a strife-ridden society, perhaps contributing to making it less governable. □

GULF WAR C.O.S—A YEAR LATER

The High Price Of Conscience

BRUCE SHAPIRO

Capt. David Harney (prosecutor): The accused's attitude is that she's a doctor first and a soldier up to the point where it conflicts with her conscience. Such an attitude is self-serving and totally incompatible with any concept of duty.

—From the court-martial of Capt. Yolanda Huet-Vaughn, M.D.

On the day that Americans celebrated the release of hostage Thomas Sutherland in Beirut, Marine Lance Cpl. Erik Larsen was led in chains from a military courtroom to a prison cell at Camp Lejeune, North Carolina. With that brief journey he joined at least thirty-five other members of the U.S. military currently jailed for refusing to serve in the Gulf War. Larsen's six-month prison sentence was not the most severe among Gulf War objectors; others are as long as five years. And Larsen, so far, has not endured the beatings and humiliating work details inflicted on some conscientious objectors (C.O.s). But like those others, Larsen—who initially faced a possible death sentence for desertion but was finally tried on a lesser charge—is a hostage of conscience. He is a victim of a campaign of explicitly political persecution of the war's critics within the military, in violation of established constitutional standards and

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even of the Pentagon's own rules guaranteeing free speech to military personnel.

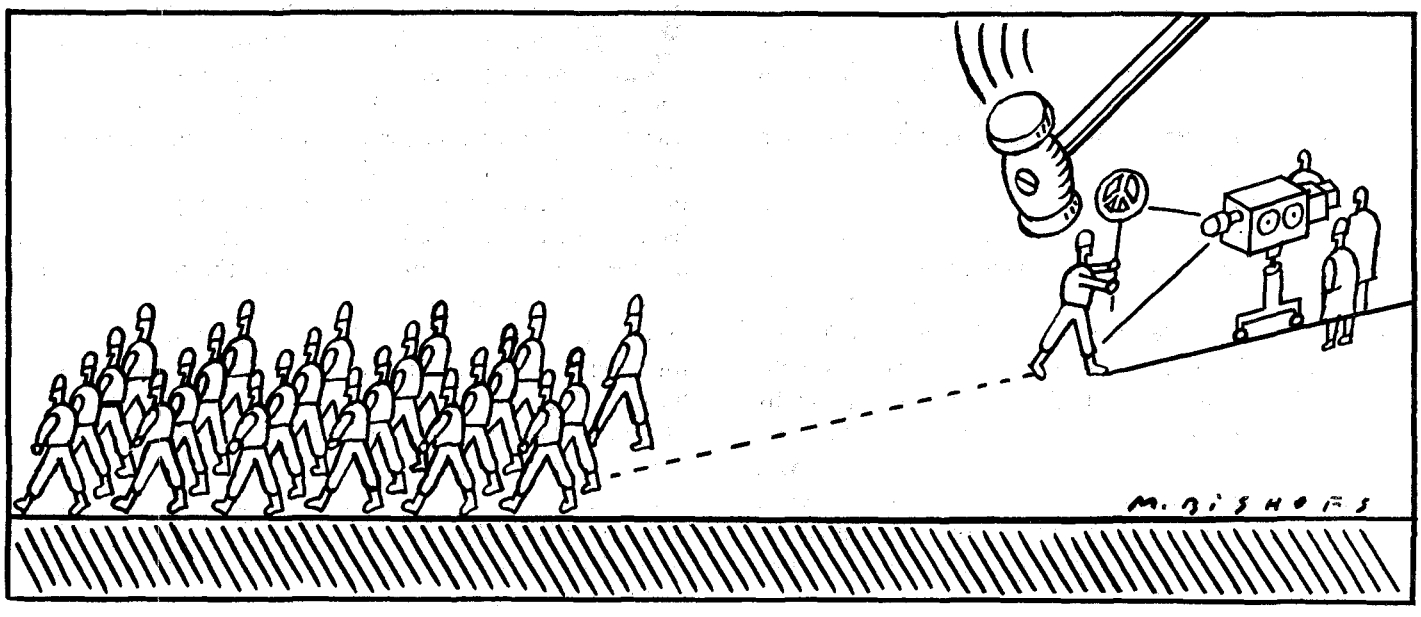
In the early days of Operation Desert Storm, military refuseniks like Corporal Larsen and Army Reserve Capt. Yolanda Huet-Vaughn, a family-practice physician from Kansas who invoked the Nuremberg war-crimes principles, offered moving spectacles of protest [see Shapiro, "Hell for Those Who Won't Go," February 18, 1991]. One year later, the Pentagon's harsh and sometimes illegal treatment of those objectors is a civil rights scandal. During the war, the military argued that all AWOL troops were simply handled by the book; whatever prison time a Larsen or Huet-Vaughn might serve was what any improperly absent soldier knew to expect. Simple military discipline, with no politics involved. Now, after dozens of courts-martial, it's clear that G.I.s who went temporarily AWOL during Desert Storm for purely private reasons—who went on lengthy drinking sprees, who covertly traveled home from bases in Germany, who simply vanished from their units without word or explanation—generally received minimal punishment and often were simply discharged. Prosecution and lengthy prison terms have most often been reserved for those who went AWOL after their C.O. claims were denied or discouraged, or who stood publicly against the war.

For instance, Janice Hill, a member of the Mennonite-sponsored Military Counseling Network in Bremen, Germany, knows numerous AWOL G.I.s at the nearby Tübingen Army Base whose cases the local command dismissed, despite lengthy absences. But at the same Army base she can point to Adis Wiley, who while in the service became a Jehovah's Witness and sought C.O. status before the start of the war. When Wiley's claim was turned down (as many legitimate claims were in the months leading up to Desert Storm) he went AWOL for two days, then turned himself in. Last summer he was convicted of shirking hazardous duty and is now serving a thirty-month sentence. The evidence of selective prosecution is also clear in Larsen's case: According to military memos, an F.B.I. agent reported to the Marine brass statements Larsen made at an antiwar rally. Marine commanders in turn based their decisions on his speeches.

The idea of prosecution as an explicitly political punishment was most frankly expressed during the court-martial of Huet-Vaughn. In the weeks following Desert Storm's conclusion, while Huet-Vaughn languished in confinement awaiting trial for her four-week absence, the Army Reserve announced in its newsletter that hundreds of reservists who simply never showed up during the war could report for duty as late as June with no penalty. Indeed, Huet-Vaughn's real crime, declared prosecuting officer Capt. David Harney in his summation, was not deserting but "repeatedly saying that she was opposed to the war and would take no part in it." While her unit was shipping out to Saudi Arabia, Huet-Vaughn "was parading around this country holding press conferences and appearing on TV, denouncing the war. . . . Her calling the war illegal, immoral and unjust was a direct attack on those soldiers who obeyed their orders." Asking for a stiff thirty-six-month sentence, Harney then went on to make a startling and explicit admission that the Army indeed was pursuing harsher penalties for C.O.s than for apolitical deserters: "If this were a straightforward desertion case, a dismissal and total forfeitures [of pay] might be appropriate. However, gentlemen, her conduct warrants more than that. . . . Tell the accused that what she did was wrong, and that what those soldiers did that went was right and honorable."

It is not only in the high-profile cases that the Pentagon wages its vindictive campaign against Gulf War objectors. By far the harshest sentences have been given to resisters in remote locations, far from the eyes of the American public. At U.S. bases in Germany, sentences for formerly AWOL C.O.s have ranged up to five years, double the most severe sentences handed Marines at Camp Lejeune. Five-year sentences have also been handed down at an obscure Army post in southern Texas. What's more, away from the spotlight of publicity, military commands around the country "are now spewing out refusals," turning down hundreds of Gulf War C.O. applicants despite compelling evidence in their behalf, according to David Stoller of the Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors—Western Region.

It comes as little surprise, perhaps, that for C.O.s who fled



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their units and then turned themselves in, the process itself amounted to little better than drumhead sentencing. And yet the routine and massive violations of due process and judicial fairness remain shocking. George Ward, a Marine reservist and C.O. applicant, was literally tortured after he turned himself in: Under the supervision of a commanding officer, a gang of burly Marines restrained the frightened young man in a chair and repeatedly gouged his head with a razor, leaving him bleeding from multiple wounds, while supposedly delivering a regulation haircut. Some of the Lejeune C.O.s, enduring solitary confinement prior to their trials and regularly assigned harsh and humiliating work details, were threatened by prosecutors with prolonged sentences as inducements to accept pretrial "settlements" consisting of eighteen- to twenty-four-month terms in military prison. Larsen was denied legal counsel at a crucial early stage of his indictment. Huet-Vaughn was prohibited during her court-martial from discussing the motivation for her absence from the ranks or from calling expert witnesses to testify regarding war crimes and the Nuremberg principles.

The American left has largely remained silent on the C.O.s.

(Huet-Vaughn also faces extralegal punishment for her principled stand. In October the Kansas State Board of Healing Arts voted 12 to 2 to consider revoking her license to practice medicine on the ground that she is a convicted felon. Physicians and other concerned individuals from around the state have formed a coalition to defend Huet-Vaughn's right to practice, but since the final decision will be made by the same board that voted to start the revocation process in the first place, her prospects appear bleak.)

Behind such specific and extreme abuses lies the Pentagon's broader policy on conscientious objection, a policy rife with bias, racism and violation of due process. Every military resister and C.O. applicant has stories to tell. Perhaps the most eloquent testimony comes from Tahan Jones, a 21-year-old Marine reservist from Oakland now awaiting trial at Camp Lejeune for refusing Persian Gulf orders while his C.O. application was pending. As an African-American with little formal education, Jones came up on the short end of the C.O. application process. Like all C.O. applicants, Jones was assigned an investigating officer: a superior from the same military base. After a single interview Jones's investigating officer, who was white, concluded that Jones was "of marginal intelligence . . . incapable of articulating any discerning thoughts or perceptions concerning such subjective matters as conscientious objection to all war."

Experiences like those of Jones—the presumption that legitimate C.O.s are, as he says, "white and well-to-do, educated and intellectual"—are common among imprisoned Gulf War resisters. Indeed, much of the political significance of Gulf War objectors resides in their ethnic and class identities. Many, like Jones, are African-Americans. A startling number of the most visible and outspoken objectors, including Larsen, Huet-Vaughn and Sam Lwin (a Marine whose case sparked an admirably tenacious C.O. support campaign called Hands Off!), are either immigrants or have immigrant parents, from nations like El Salvador, Burma and Poland. For them, the Gulf War evoked historical, family or cultural resonances easily ignored by more insular Americans.

Washington is finally waking up to the unappealing implications of dozens of C.O.s imprisoned for many times the war's duration. In November the commander of one Marine Reserve division abruptly ordered the release of seven resisters jailed at Camp Lejeune, prohibiting them from speaking to the public or press for the duration of their suspended sentences. At the urging of Representative John Conyers, the General Accounting Office is preparing an investigation of the C.O. process, focused both on piecing together an accurate picture of resistance to the Gulf War in military ranks and on uncovering abuses and irregularities. In early 1992 Representative Ron Dellums will introduce two bills designed to bring relief to Desert Storm objectors and to insure a more equitable C.O. process in the future. One bill would set up a special panel to review bad-conduct discharges given to any Desert Storm–era troops who believe they were punished for seeking C.O. status. The other bill, which has significant implications for the future, would broaden the definition of conscientious objection to include opposition to specific wars, a stand endorsed by the U.N.'s Universal Declaration of Human Rights but not recognized by Pentagon regulations. This second bill would also require civilians and officials from outside a C.O. applicant's chain of command to preside over the application process, and would streamline the approval process once an investigating officer finds merit in a C.O. application.

Ironically, Europe, not the American peace movement, has provided the most significant and broad-based support for this nation's imprisoned military resisters. Amnesty International, based in London, has formally adopted twenty-nine imprisoned conscientious objectors, among them Larsen and Huet-Vaughn. In October the organization named Enrique Gonzales, serving a two-and-a-half-year sentence at Camp Lejeune, one of its worldwide prisoners of the month, reflecting the seriousness with which the internment of American C.O.s is regarded in the international human rights community. The pressure worked: Gonzales was among the seven Marines released from Lejeune a month later. In Germany a broad network of citizens—Greens, Social Democrats, rank-and-file religious congregants—continues, despite well-publicized police raids, indictments and fines, to shelter and raise money for AWOL American soldiers and openly assist them in emerging from hiding. All over Europe, support committees are writing letters on behalf of imprisoned American G.I.s.

The American left is accustomed to civil disobedience, from local post-office sit-ins to weapons-smashing, blood-pouring political theater. Perhaps the very familiarity of such gestures has obscured the profound significance of America's imprisoned Gulf War objectors. How else to explain the comparative silence? Only a handful of groups—traditional military counseling organizations like the War Resisters League and Citizen Soldier, a few support networks like Hands Off! and pacifist churches like the Mennonites and Quakers—have kept

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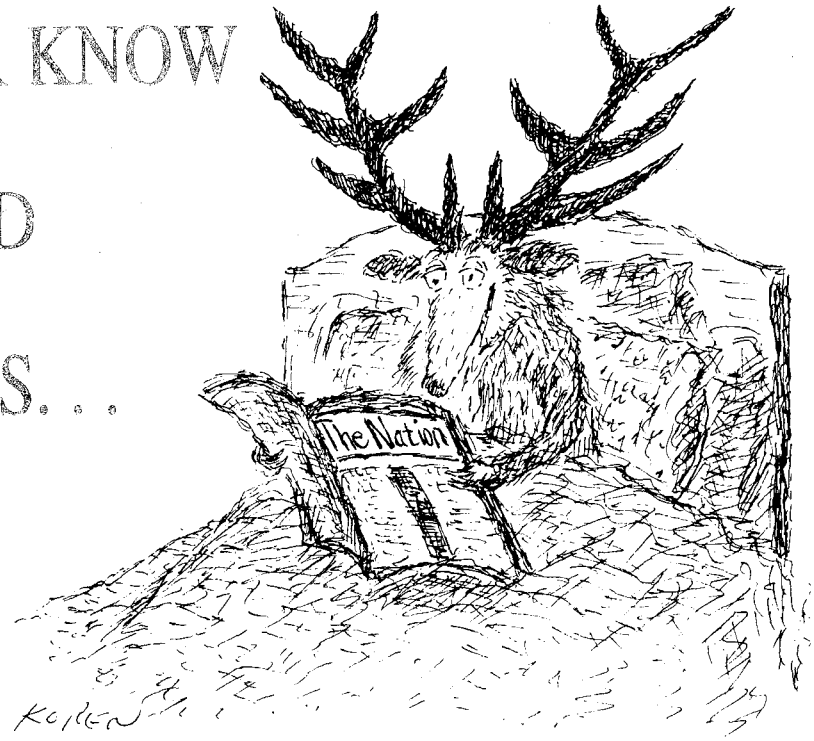

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the C.O.s at the center of their attention. Why have so few local peace groups adopted one or another of these hostages of conscience, helping insure that they are not forgotten once the prison door slams? Where are the civil libertarians, and specifically the American Civil Liberties Union, which was founded to protect the rights of World War I dissidents? A year after the first shots of Desert Storm, it's finally possible to give a full accounting of the war's impact on civil liberties at home, including harassment of Arab-Americans, censorship of the press and blacklisting of performers opposed to the war. But no civilian protester has paid a price approaching that paid by these new political prisoners in the military. □

Georgetown

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

sue seemed an appalling waste of an educational opportunity, as well as a not-so-subtle message about the relative importance of body parts. How many of my classmates now in practice, I wonder, regularly examine the breasts of their female patients?

My classmates learned their lesson of disrespect well. Later in the year one carved a tick-tack-toe on a female cadaver and challenged others to play. Another gave a languorous sigh after dissecting female genitalia, as if he had just had sex. "Guess I should have a cigarette now," he said.

Ghoulish humor is often regarded as a means by which med students overcome fear and anxiety. But it serves a darker purpose as well: Depersonalizing our cadaver was good preparation for depersonalizing our patients later. Further on in my training an ophthalmologist would yell at me when I hesitated to place a small instrument meant to measure eye pressure on a fellow student's cornea because I was afraid it would hurt. "You have to learn to treat patients as lab animals," he snarled at me.

On the first day of an emergency medicine rotation in our senior year, students were asked who had had experience placing a central line (an intravenous line placed into a major vein under the clavicle or in the neck). Most of the male students raised their hands. None of the women did. For me, it was graphic proof of inequity in teaching; the men had had the procedure taught to them, but the women had not. Teaching rounds were often, for women, a spectator sport. One friend told me how she craned her neck to watch a physician teach a minor surgical procedure to a male student; when they were done the physician handed her his dirty gloves to discard. I have seen a male attending physician demonstrate an exam on a patient and then wade through several female medical students to drag forth a male in order to teach it to him. This sort of discrimination was common and quite unconscious: The women just didn't register as medical students to some of the doctors. Female students, for their part, tended (like male ones) to gloss over issues that might divert attention, energy or focus from the all-important goal of getting through their training. "Oh, they're just of the old school," a female classmate remarked to me, as if being ignored by our teachers was really rather charming, like having one's hand kissed.

A woman resident was giving a radiology presentation and I felt mesmerized. Why did I feel so connected and involved? It suddenly occurred to me that the female physician was regularly meeting my eyes; most of the male residents and attendings made eye contact only with the men.

"Why are women's brains smaller than men's?" asked a surgeon of a group of male medical students in the doctors' lounge (I was in the room as well, but was apparently invisible). "Because they're missing logic!" Guffaws all around.

Such instances of casual sexism are hardly unique to Georgetown, or indeed to medical schools. But at Georgetown female students also had to contend with outright discrimination of a sort most Americans probably think no longer exists in education. There was one course women were not allowed to take. The elective in sexually transmitted diseases required an interview with the head of the urology department, who was teaching the course. Those applicants with the appropriate genitalia competed for invitations to join the course (a computer was supposed to assign us electives, which we had ranked in order of preference, but that process had been circumvented for this course). Three women who requested an interview were told that the predominantly gay male clinic where the elective was held did not allow women to work there. This was news to the clinic's executive director, who stated that women were employed in all capacities.

The women who wanted to take the course repeatedly tried to meet with the urologist, but he did not return our phone calls. (I had not applied for the course, but became involved as an advocate for the women who wanted to take it.) We figured out his schedule, waylaid him in the hall and insisted that a meeting be set up.

At this meeting, clinic representatives disclosed that a survey had been circulated years before to the clientele in order to ascertain whether women workers would be accepted; 95 percent of the clients voted to welcome women. They were also asked whether it was acceptable to have medical students working at the clinic; more than 90 percent approved. We were then told that these results could not be construed to indicate that clients did not mind women medical students; the clients would naturally have assumed that "medical student" meant "male medical student." Even if that were true, we asked, if 90 percent of clients did not mind medical students and 95 percent did not mind women, couldn't a reasonable person assume that female medical students would be acceptable? No, we were informed. Another study would have to be done.

We raised formal objections to the school. Meanwhile, however, the entire elective process had been postponed by the dispute, and the blame for the delay and confusion was placed on us. The hardest part of the struggle, indeed, was dealing with the indifference of most of our classmates—out of 206, maybe a dozen actively supported us—and with the intense anger of the ten men who had been promised places in the course.

Adriane Fugh-Berman, M.D., is on the board of the National Women's Health Network. She practices general medicine in Washington, D.C.

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"Just because you can't take this course," one of the men said to me, "why do you want to ruin it for the rest of us?" It seemed incredible to me that I had to argue that women should be allowed to take the same courses as men. The second or third time someone asked me the same question, I suggested that if women were not allowed to participate in the same curriculum as the men, then in the interest of fairness we should get a 50 percent break on our $22,500 annual tuition. My colleague thought that highly unreasonable.

Eventually someone in administration realized that not only were we going to sue the school for discrimination but that we had an open-and-shut case. The elective in sexually transmitted diseases was canceled, and from its ashes arose a new course, taught by the same man, titled "Introduction to Urology." Two women were admitted. When the urologist invited students to take turns working with him in his office, he scheduled the two female students for the same day—one on which only women patients were to be seen (a nifty feat in a urology practice).

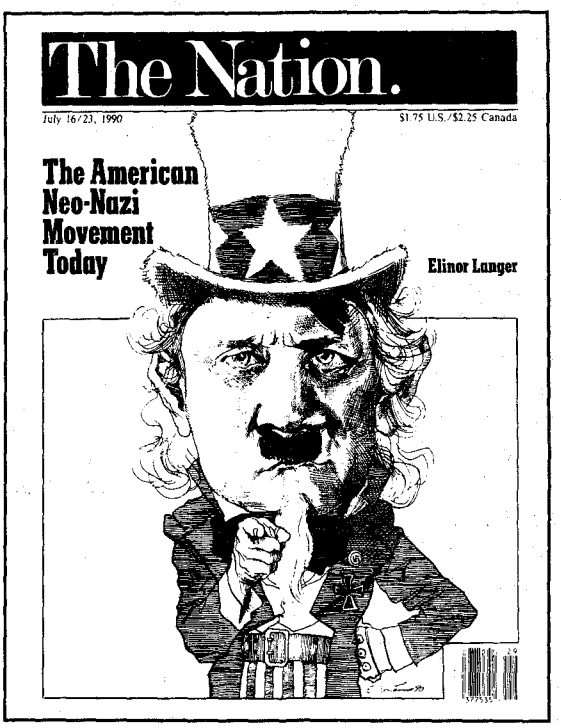
The same professor who so valiantly tried to prevent women from learning anything unseemly about sexually transmitted diseases was also in charge of the required course in human sexuality (or, as I liked to call it, he-man sexuality). Only two of the eleven lectures focused on women; of the two lectures on homosexuality, neither mentioned lesbians. The pychiatrist who co-taught the class treated us to one lecture that amounted to an apology for rape: Aggression, even hostility, is normal in sexual relations between a man and a woman, he said, and inhibition of aggression in men can lead to impotence.

We were taught that women do not need orgasms for a satisfactory sex life, although men, of course, do; and that inability to reach orgasm is only a problem for women with "unrealistic expectations." I had heard that particular lecture before in the backseat of a car during high school. The urologist told us of couples who came to him for sex counseling because the woman was not having orgasms; he would reassure them that this is normal and the couple would be relieved. (I would gamble that the female half of the couple was anything but relieved.) We learned that oral sex is primarily a homosexual practice, and that sexual dysfunction in women is often caused by "working." In the women-as-idiots department, we learned that when impotent men are implanted with permanently rigid penile prostheses, four out of five wives can't tell that their husbands have had the surgery.

When dealing with sexually transmitted diseases in which both partners must be treated, we were advised to vary our notification strategy according to marital status. If the patient is a single man, the doctor should write the diagnosis down on a prescription for his partner to bring to her doctor. If the patient is a married man, however, the doctor should contact the wife's gynecologist and arrange to have her treated without knowledge of what she is being treated for. How to notify the male partner of a female patient, married or single, was never revealed.

To be fair, women were not the only subjects of outmoded concepts of sexuality. We also received anachronistic information about men. Premature ejaculation, defined as fewer than ten thrusts(!), was to be treated by having the man think

—BULK ORDERS—
THE AMERICAN NEO-NAZI MOVEMENT TODAY



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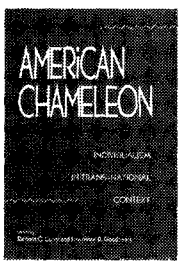

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about something unpleasant, or by having the woman painfully squeeze, prick or pinch the penis. Aversive therapies such as these have long been discredited.

Misinformation about sexuality and women's health peppered almost every course (I can't recall any egregious wrongs in biochemistry). Although vasectomy and abortion are among the safest of all surgical procedures, in our lectures vasectomy was presented as fraught with long-term complications and abortion was never mentioned without the words "peritonitis" and "death" in the same sentence. These distortions represented Georgetown's Catholic bent at its worst. (We were not allowed to perform, or even watch, abortion procedures in our affiliated hospitals.) On a lighter note, one obstetrician assisting us in the anatomy lab told us that women shouldn't lift heavy weights because their pelvic organs will fall out between their legs.

In our second year, several women in our class started a women's group, which held potlucks and offered presentations and performances: A former midwife talked about her profession, a student demonstrated belly dancing, another discussed dance therapy and one sang selections from *A Chorus Line*. This heavy radical feminist activity created great hostility among our male classmates. Announcements of our meetings were defaced and women in the group began receiving threatening calls at home from someone who claimed to be watching the listener and who would then accurately describe what she was wearing. One woman received obscene notes in her school mailbox, including one that contained a rape threat. I received insulting cards in typed envelopes at my home address; my mother received similar cards at hers.

We took the matter to the dean of student affairs, who told us it was "probably a dental student" and suggested we buy loud whistles to blow into the phone when we received unwanted calls. We demanded that the school attempt to find the perpetrator and expel him. We were told that the school would not expel the student but that counseling would be advised.

The women's group spread the word that we were collecting our own information on possible suspects and that any information on bizarre, aggressive, antisocial or misogynous behavior among the male medical students should be reported to our designated representative. She was inundated with a list of classmates who fit the bill. Finally, angered at the school's indifference, we solicited the help of a prominent woman faculty member. Although she shamed the dean into installing a hidden camera across from the school mailboxes to monitor unusual behavior, no one was ever apprehended.

Georgetown University School of Medicine churns out about 200 physicians a year. Some become good doctors despite their training, but many will pass on the misinformation and demeaning attitudes handed down to them. It is a shame that Georgetown chooses to perpetuate stereotypes and reinforce prejudices rather than help students acquire the up-to-date information and sensitivity that are vital in dealing with AIDS, breast cancer, teen pregnancy and other contemporary epidemics. Female medical students go through an ordeal, but at least it ends with graduation. It is the patients who ultimately suffer the effects of sexist medical education. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Illusions Without Feminism

ELLEN DuBOIS

FEMINISM WITHOUT ILLUSIONS: A Critique of Individualism. *By Elizabeth Fox-Genovese. University of North Carolina. 347 pp. $24.95.*

It is unclear whether Elizabeth Fox-Genovese means to do feminism a service or a disservice in *Feminism Without Illusions: A Critique of Individualism*. The book is a thoroughgoing attempt to reconcile contemporary feminism with traditional conservative thought, and is based on the trademark premise of her work and that of her husband, Marxist historian Eugene Genovese: that bourgeois individualism is the evil empire of American history.

Feminism, Fox-Genovese contends, has been undermined by its complicity with the very individualism on which American society and women's subordination in it is based. She argues that contemporary feminism has turned into the struggle of a handful of women for equal opportunity with individual men, a futile—and elitist—pursuit that dooms the common woman to a worse fate than would previously have befallen her. Until feminism purges itself of its individualist premises, it will be unable either to develop a critique of contemporary society or to envision a secure and equal place for women in it. Fox-Genovese's work dismisses the long and radical history of the women's rights political tradition and reduces contemporary feminism to the aspirations of a few women to become corporate lawyers, chief executive officers and full professors.

Fox-Genovese says that:

> From the start, an important tendency in feminist theory has resolutely championed women's rights as individuals—their absolute right to break free of the legal and political domination of communities. In this spirit, many feminists have insisted upon women's unilateral right to personal autonomy, sexual freedom, and divorce. But history has proved individualism at best a mixed blessing for women who, freed from community domination, face society with inadequate protection.

Individualism as it has permeated feminism has several facets, but not all of these are equally reprehensible to Fox-Genovese. Oddly enough, economic individualism gets off relatively lightly. Fox-Genovese hints that class inequalities among women have been exacerbated rather than alleviated by a combination of the spread of wage labor among women, legislation against sex discrimination and the lack of any critique of class relations; but she contents herself with offhand disapproval of the privileged access of middle-class women to the benefits of 1980s feminism rather than any systematic analysis of these processes. As for individualism of the mind, Enlightenment-bashers will find no comfort in this book, which sides decidedly with rationality in current intellectual debates over the canon.

Fox-Genovese finds most distressing the notion of individual rights to the body.

Rather, it is the individualism of the body—which by any definition is critical to modern feminism—that seems to Fox-Genovese the most dangerous for women's future. Despite her assertion that individualism forces women into abstractions based on men's experience, the aspects of creeping individualism she finds most distressing are the very ones that women have pioneered on the basis of their own experiences. Chief among these is the notion of individual rights to the body, to its uses and pleasures, especially to its sexual and reproductive capacities. This is the premier feminist contribution to the philosophy of individual rights, the basic claim that each person can make to what Elizabeth Cady Stanton more than a century ago named "self-sovereignty."

In her accounting of women's gains and losses from feminism, greater freedom of individual sexual expression is either absent or stacked up on the debit side. Fox-Genovese's objection to sexual individualism emerges most clearly in her brief but disturbing discussion of abortion politics. She is troubled by the way that abortion issues split women into opposing camps, and by the contradiction that pro-choice arguments expose between "feminist metaphors of motherhood and community and feminist defense of abortion on the grounds of absolute individual right." Fair enough, but she goes for the metaphor over the political reality. What feminists should be advocating, she suggests, is less individual control over reproduction and more respect for women's "special roles as bearers and rearers of children." While she grants that "women must be understood to have an absolute right to control their own sexuality and their own bodies," she objects to the equation of the right to choose with "women's right to liberation from the reproductive consequences of their own sexuality." This she regards as the misbegotten assertion that women have a "right to the male model of individualism." Can she really be saying that exercising the option to be sexually active but not to have children alienates a woman from her gendered self, that she fully assumes male values?

To exemplify the problematic individualistic premises of the feminist case for abortion, she points to what she regards as the excessive demands of the pro-choice camp, in particular the right to third-trimester abortions after the point of fetal viability and abortion rights for minors without parental consent. But these issues have little meaning in and of themselves; the number of third-trimester abortions is minuscule, and laws requiring parental consent cannot heal families in which children are estranged from their parents. Rather, these are precisely the aspects of current abortion practices that the anti-abortion movement has highlighted to call into question the essential morality of reproductive self-determination for women. Fox-Genovese follows their lead. For her, abortion rights open up not the dream of physical integrity and sexual self-determination for women but the nightmare of all against all. Unless it is carefully delimited and coupled with an explicit statement of the point at which life begins, she believes, "the right to abortion—the woman's right to sexual self-determination—can logically lead to the right to murder with impunity."

Indeed, self-determination for Fox-Genovese properly belongs not to individuals, in whose hands it leads to social disintegration, but to communities. Women's best future, she argues, resides in

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self-determining *communities* with the power to protect and shelter women and to grant them a respected position in community life. The reconstitution of livable communities is a goal entirely compatible with the women's rights tradition and contemporary feminism in its most radical manifestations. But it is important to look carefully at what Fox-Genovese means by "community": a social entity that is at once legally empowered and "grounded in nature, instinct or biology." Natural communities, as you might guess, are heterosexual ones, meaning that they include men as well as women; even more, that the male/female bond on which they are based is primarily a sexual rather than a reproductive one. Fox-Genovese is eager to "confront the predictable objection" that "heterosexual preference itself reflects a mixture of psychology and biology . . . the predominant biological pattern does not rest on a fundamental (and complementary) difference between male and female upon which our reproduction as a species depends." In other words, she believes that heterosexuality, while originating in reproductive needs, constitutes the fundamental structure of our species.

As if such sociobiological privileging were not enough, Fox-Genovese also wants these "natural" heterosexual communities to be able to draw on the power of law. The antistatism that so animates her hostility to individualism, the specter of an alliance between women and the state against men, disappears in her discussion of communities, for which she wants enhanced legal authority. She grants that traditional communities have generally rested on the subordination of women but she is confident that this "negative corporatism" is superficial. The New Left and counterculture impulse to rethink and remake our communities rather than to accept them as given is deprecated here as "sentimental" and "utopian." She has more faith in the mutuality of traditional communities than fear of their inequalities. "Sexism and racism, while prevalent and nasty, ran into severe limits in corporatist societies," she writes. Even under slavery, she contends, there was a "thread of obligation" that abolition "snapped." Her strategy—if we can use that term for a discussion that operates so much more on the philosophical than the political plane—is to cleanse "conservative corporatism" of its sexism, to win an equal place for women in traditional communities.

This faith that revived heterosexual communities with enhanced legal authority can be trusted to promote women's position (or as she puts it, to "protect rather than exploit persisting sexual and gender asymmetry") is developed in her second encounter with current gender politics, the issue of pornography. In contrast to her discussion of abortion, where she charges pro-choice activists with philosophical imprecision, Fox-Genovese is satisfied to wade into the current complex debate over pornography on the basis of her own instinctive repulsion toward it. ("Sheltered from the worst," she writes, she does not seem to have had much experience with pornography; her major exposure to smut seems to have come from the antipornography propaganda film *Not a Love Story*.)

You can protect public decency only if you can identify and hound a thing called indecency.

Feminists are deeply divided over the issue of the danger posed by pornography and the desirability of turning to the state to regulate it. Radical feminists Catharine MacKinnon and Andrea Dworkin have generated antipornography legislation based on the premise that smut violates women's civil rights. Whatever one thinks about this strategy—and I am an opponent of it—it certainly constitutes a creative adaptation of the legal tradition of individual rights in the area of modern sexuality. Fox-Genovese is unabashedly antipornography but equally opposed to the radical individualism of MacKinnon and Dworkin. Instead of relying on expanded notions of women's rights, Fox-Genovese thinks pornography should be regulated on the ground that it violates communities' standards of "public decency."

In the age of Jesse Helms, I cannot share her sunny confidence that "public decency" is a self-evident concept emerging from natural communities with a single sexual standard. The difficulties that communities have in tolerating internal heterogeneity—the global manifestations of which surround us these days—are not only evident in racial and ethnic conflicts but in the area of sexuality as well. What would keep such communities from considering all representations of homosexuality (or nonmarital heterosexuality, for that matter) as pornographic?

And even the most naïve semiotician would grant that you can protect public decency only if you can identify, separate and hound something called indecency. Sexual indecency has historically been located in the bodies and behaviors of women named bad and policed in women named good. Fox-Genovese acknowledges that traditional communities protected women in exchange for holding them to an extremely limited definition of sexual propriety: "Many conservatives . . . favor respect for women—at least the women of their own class and race—but they also impose stringent conditions." But such limitations are not superficial or easily remedied. If women dress or act in ways that are not "respectable," if they come or go from places that are not "respectable," can they also count on the community to grant them protection? What is so wrong with considering sexual safety and freedom an individual right, independent of how others regard you?

There is another problem here. If natural communities can be trusted to protect women, where does pornography come from, not to mention rape, domestic violence and other threats to women's safety that arise within communities, families and marriages? Fox-Genovese makes clear her support for the feminist movement against violence toward women; but sexual threats do not come primarily from strangers. She charges feminist opponents of pornography with a theory of universal misogyny, but her own effort to reconcile opposition to pornography with faith in the natural harmony of men and women—her entire project of reconciling feminism and conservatism, for that matter—rests on a portrait of male sexual depredation that would put Dworkin to shame (though not George Gilder or Camille Paglia).

According to Fox-Genovese, men's inclination to sexual aggression is both timeless and historic. "From the psychological perspective," she writes, "the horrors of pornography testify . . . to men's abiding struggles with the responsibility to respect and protect at least 'decent' women that civilization has attempted to impose on them," presumably to counter their natural instincts to sexual domination. This age-old struggle is compounded by men's modern frustration that their physical strength has "declining relevance . . . to the most important business of life," leading, she suggests, to

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a kind of sexual acting out. Her willingness to absolve men of responsibility for pornography is compounded by her readiness to blame the women's movement instead. "The women's movement probably has exacerbated men's frustration and hostility; it assuredly has helped to transform and overturn the laws, practices and habits of mind that made men at least nominally responsible for women."

Given the highly scholastic and apolitical character of Fox-Genovese's ideas on pornography and abortion, it should come as no surprise that the current controversy that most engages her is The Question of the Canon. Just as she seeks to reconcile conservatism and feminism in the political realm, she argues that the established literary canon should be able to accommodate academic feminism, and she seeks to distinguish feminist perspectives (as she understands them) from the more radical and dangerous challenges of postmodernists and ethnic separatists.

In the context of her defense of the canon, Fox-Genovese emerges as a passionate spokeswoman for the very principle against which she has railed for so long—individualism. Here and only here, in the modern discovery of and respect for "subjective authority and intellectual excellence," Fox-Genovese concedes that individualism has benefited women. The historic rise of rationality, as she sees it, "opened the way for at least some women to begin to think systematically about women as individuals and hence as possibly similar and equal to men."

This is where Fox-Genovese locates herself and makes whatever claims that warrant the label of feminism. She tells the tale of her father's gentle efforts to educate her in the great classics, her youthful aspirations to be an intellectual and a writer, her difficulties (successfully resolved) in finding a man who could tolerate her ambitions and her ultimate success in reconciling womanhood and the life of the mind. In contrast to her own secure upbringing, she characterizes those whose alienation from the virtues of Western civilization leads them to repudiate the canon as cultural "orphans," lured by fantasies that their real origins are more powerful or perfect than their adoptive ones. It is not always easy to see where Fox-Genovese places herself in her own text, but in this case it is quite clear that she separates herself from the second-class children to whom she preaches cultural resignation. The well-loved daughter of a well-read man, she was born into the legacy of individualism; they were not.

Another way to put this, the underlying contradiction in Fox-Genovese's fundamental thesis, is that there are "some women" for whom greater individualism is *not* debilitating. Her own temperate and conservative version of feminism is characterized by the very elitism with which she charges her individualist opponents. There has always been a tendency in feminism to split the complex promise of emancipation into different prescriptions for different classes of women. Fox-Genovese preaches power for the few, protection for the many. Women like the author—intellectuals, thinkers, participants in the thrills and pleasures of Western thought—do not threaten the social order by laying claim to the same individual aspirations as men. Anarchy reigns when all women, casting aside their "particularity" (and hers), want to join her in the front of the classroom or at the computer keyboard.

In the end, we can see that the danger against which Fox-Genovese seeks to defend Western civilization is not so much individual rights but equal rights; it is the

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egalitarian version of the individualist tradition that most animates her opposition, for this is where the really radical potential of feminism resides. Choices she makes for herself, authority to which she feels she has a right, would, if masses of other women were to have the same advantages, change the whole definition and place of our sex. Individual rights in the mass take on a collective meaning and the capacity for social change. To be sure, the history of the women's rights movement has many undemocratic phases, but at its core what it has sought to do is to turn privileges enjoyed by a few (like political influence or sexual freedom or intellectual authority) into real possibilities for the many. What Fox-Genovese regards as feminism's illusions are precisely the democratic traditions and egalitarian possibilities that I for one consider its finest fruit, and that need to be carefully cultivated in these decidedly undemocratic times. □

The Vietnam Syndrome

LILLIAN S. ROBINSON

THE VIETNAM WAR AND AMERICAN CULTURE. *Edited by John Carlos Rowe and Rick Berg. Columbia University. 275 pp. $35.*

FROM HANOI TO HOLLYWOOD: The Vietnam War in American Film. *Edited by Linda Dittmar and Gene Michaud. Rutgers University. 387 pp. $45. Paper $14.95.*

It's not as if I wasn't warned. In late April 1975, Tillie Olsen was speaking at the State University of New York at Buffalo. She had just read us *Tell Me a Riddle*, which is about veterans of Russia's 1905 revolution growing old in 1950s America, and we were heading over to the reception. Someone ran up to tell me that the United States had begun the final evacuation of Saigon, and I passed the news on to Tillie. A few minutes later, when we were gathered around her with our hors d'oeuvres and drinks, she made the announcement. "You did this," she added portentously to the group of students and young faculty, the kind of people who embodied the antiwar movement. "You must never forget that you did this. You must not let them take your history from you, the way they did with my generation, the generation of the thirties."

Yet even with this explicit warning, even knowing what I did about how the history of American radical movements has been systematically distorted, suppressed and erased, I was sure it could never happen to us. The narrative of the war in Vietnam and the resistance to it was just too patent, too invulnerable to any such meretricious rewriting. That shows how much *I* knew!

Sometimes it looks as if American culture of the past fifteen years has done little but rewrite the history of the Vietnam War and then obsessively rewrite the rewritings, down to President Bush's announcement after Desert Storm that we'd finally "kicked the Vietnam syndrome." Because the Vietnam narrative keeps being reworked and because there has never been a single credible master narrative, a theme on which all the reworkings could be seen as variations, there is also a growing body of criticism about the retellings. This phenomenon is really quite extraordinary, when you come to think of it. With fifty years of World War II movies and literature behind us, how much critical attention has been paid to what our culture has made of *that* narrative? It's not as if there are no more questions to be asked; I'd welcome a discussion, for instance, of the ways that awareness of the Holocaust did and did not enter into Hollywood's version of the Good War. But it is the Vietnam story that is the object of considerably more study. And, just as Vietnam has been retold from the right and the left, there is a political cast to studies of these cultural representations.

The Vietnam War and American Culture, which examines fiction, film, music, journalism and historical writing, and *From Hanoi to Hollywood*, which focuses on cinematic representations, are informed by continued opposition to the Vietnam War itself. This common stance by no means implies political uniformity within each book, much less across the two. It does assure that the commentators collected here base their view of the war's cultural reflections on certain assumptions about the nature of propaganda, the relation of news media to official policy and the role of racism and sexism in the constitution of war narratives.

More important, all the contributors, however different their approaches, recognize that the way the culture finally understands what happened to us in and through Vietnam can influence future policy, and all are committed to working to prevent the worst consequences of that impact. On the immediate level, John Carlos Rowe and Rick Berg dedicate their volume to "all the veterans—men, women, children—of the war in Vietnam," while the writers for the Dittmar-Michaud collection join the co-editors in contributing their proceeds from its sale to a foundation "that provides material aid to assist in the processes of rehabilitation and recovery from the Vietnam War in . . . the United States and Vietnam." And David James thanks those who helped him produce his piece for *The Vietnam War and American Culture* by saying that he summarizes what he understands "to be at stake in our collective project by dedicating it to the memory of Benjamin Linder." (One of the ironies of this bit of anti-imperialist linkage is that many readers may not recall that Ben Linder was the young American environmental engineer murdered by the *contras* in 1987 while volunteering on a clean-water project in Nicaragua.)

Although the war itself had clear (if unusually fluid) temporal boundaries, the postwar is open-ended. In this sense, as Rick Berg points out in "Losing Vietnam: Covering the War in an Age of Technology," the most comprehensive and brilliant single essay in either book (it's printed in both), it is of enormous significance that novelist Bobbie Ann Mason chooses for *In Country*'s center of consciousness a teenager obsessed by Vietnam, whose conception of the war, since she is too young to remember it, is entirely created by the media. "She knows nothing of Nam other than the multitude of representations that signify our loss: her father's letters and his journal, Springsteen's lyrics and their accompanying video. Nothing is authentic. Even the M*A*S*H episodes are reruns. . . . When [her uncle] Emmett finally tells her a war story . . . Sam can respond only by comparing it to pictures she has seen. . . . Sam Hughes is today's child suffering yesterday's trauma. . . . Mason has bequeathed our desire for Nam to the next generation." Samantha Hughes *is* the postwar period in which, as Michael

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Clark puts it in "Remembering Vietnam," the Vietnam Memorial "wall replaces the Bible; the war replaces the family; and SAM ALAN HUGHES [the name of the girl's dead adolescent father] replaces history."

Many of the pieces in the two books concentrate on cultural representations produced, whether as propaganda, commentary or protest, while the war was in progress. Berg even considers the images in some 1950s Hollywood films set in Vietnam during the French phase of the war, when it was not yet a household word in America. Generally speaking, however, it was precisely the home-front's "household word" familiarity with the war, through media representations of the battlefront and eventually of the protests, that created the characteristic impact. The participants' awareness of taking part in something subject to instant (if not, indeed, simultaneous) replay as artifact helped shape their experience of the war. For, much as antiwar activists chanted "The whole world is watching," troops in country could say, with the wounded marine quoted by Michael Herr in *Dispatches*, "I *hate* this movie," or give special meanings to rock titles like "We Gotta Get Out of This Place" or "Leaving on a Jet Plane."

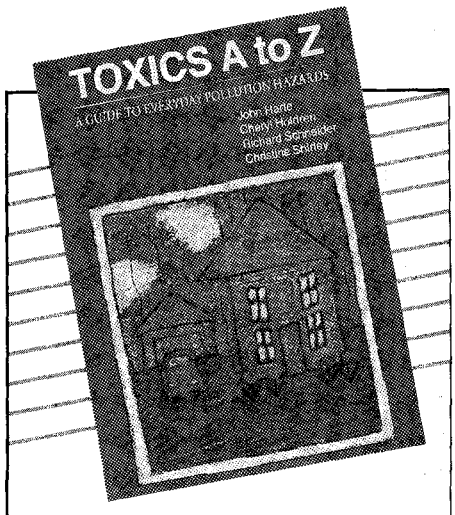
For this reason, the most satisfying essays in the two collections are those that make direct connections between "culture" as it is lived out in human relations and consciousness and "culture" as it is expressed in artistic or historical representations. The work of Susan Jeffords, author of *The Remasculinization of America*, is included in each volume. In both of her essays, Jeffords reads literary and cinematic texts (*Paco's Story*, *The Deer Hunter*, *Gardens of Stone*) as narratives of what, in "Tattoos, Scars, Diaries, and Writing Masculinity," she calls "the operations of the gender system that defines contemporary American dominant culture and is currently reconstituting, through Vietnam representation, a revived masculinity."

Jeffords's approach to the politics of sexuality and gender underscores a significant gap in David James's otherwise masterly survey of "The Vietnam War and American Music," an overview that begins in July 1954, with the Battle of Dien Bien Phu and Elvis's recording of "That's All Right, Mama." I would have thought it was next to impossible to discuss the role of music, including rock, as an expression of resistance and an index of the limits of that resistance without reference to the expression and channeling of sexuality, but James manages it. He is so adept at identifying the contradictions embedded in the politics of popular music (what—or what-all—is going on in "Born in the USA"?) that I wish this most fundamental of contradictions had also been addressed.

James's essay, which concludes with Springsteen's persona as Vietnam vet, is one of the essays that moves from wartime to postwar representations. Throughout both books, isolated nuggets recall the power of the image in the postwar mind—Noam Chomsky, for instance, reminding us in "Visions of Righteousness" that Jimmy Carter, while President, once said the United States owed no debt to Vietnam because "the destruction was actual"; or a photograph of a vets' demonstration at the opening of a *Rambo* film, pointing out in its caption that a group of teenagers screamed at the protesters to go home and that Sylvester Stallone was "a real veteran." Such moments of concentrated irony highlight discussions of the postwar's successive rewritings of history, from the revenge-fantasy films to the images of the embittered, crazed and perhaps even radicalized veterans.

Both sets of essays, in fact, include particularly strong work on the subject of the multiplicity of meanings with which the vet has been invested. Five of the writers represented in the two books—critics Rick Berg, Kevin Bowen, the late Leo Cawley and Harry W. Haines, as well as poet W.D. Ehrhart—served in Vietnam. Their examined personal histories assure attention to such issues as the conventional military *Bildungsroman* plot or the stereotyping of the disabled vet, without privileging the male combat vet as the only source or focus for a credible narrative. (Remember, one of these books is dedicated to veterans defined as "men, women, children.") Similarly, it is this complex cultural attention to the veterans that enables Berg and Rowe to challenge the popular notion of "healing the wounds of the Vietnam War." As they observe in their introduction, "the idea that those veterans who refused to 'adapt' to America might be deliberately repudiating a socioeconomic order that had supported our violence in Vietnam was unthinkable for a society intent upon 'healing' its wounded psyche."

The Vietnam War and American Culture and *From Hanoi to Hollywood* are



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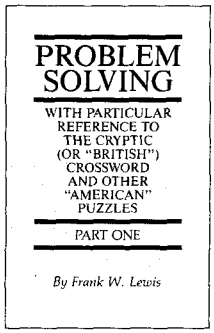
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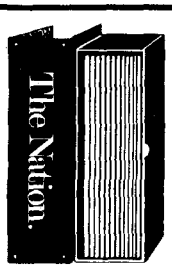

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sufficiently similar in approach and intention that I have tended not to indicate in my comments which book a particular essay is in. Three of the contributors I have cited, moreover—Berg, James and Jeffords—are represented in both volumes. The Dittmar-Michaud collection is narrower in its exclusive focus on film, but broader in the range of critical methods—Marxist, feminist, Freudian and variously poststructuralist—it includes. By contrast, the variety in the Rowe-Berg articles comes from the wide range of "texts" the essays consider and the different approaches those texts dictate. If I have a preference, it is for the latter variety of variety, because it suggests further methodological directions for critical studies, with even more kinds of cultural texts to explore.

For example, one subject that I think demands more attention in discussions of Vietnam and its representations is race and racism. A number of the white contributors to both volumes are sensitive to racial questions, and *From Hanoi to Hollywood* includes a provocative piece by a black critic, Clyde Taylor's "The Colonial Subtext in *Platoon*." But there remains a great deal to be said about attitudes toward Indochinese "friends" or "enemies," as well as about black-white issues in American society and the U.S. military. To do it justice means examining all kinds of sources as reflective of the culture: novels like John A. Williams's *Captain Blackman*, oral histories like Wallace Terry's *Bloods* and the documents of resistance to the war by Americans of color. (The first time I ever heard the "Hell no . . . " chant was when the Harlem contingent led by Stokely Carmichael joined one of the early antiwar marches, and what they were saying was "*blacks* won't go.")

The reciprocal action of culture itself and cultural representation could also be of enormous use in studying a subject like Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder, where the relevant texts might include the professional psychological literature, its popularization in the mass media and social-policy documents on veterans' affairs, as well as the versions provided in fiction, drama, poetry, film and television. Because P.T.S.D. is a social response, not only an individual disability, and because, in that sense, it's one we all suffer from, such a study would offer another way into the reiterated impact of the war within the postwar, one that might enable us to build social resistance on the basis of cultural critique. □

FILMS.

STUART KLAWANS

JFK
Naked Lunch

Paranoid characters and good conspiracy-theory films such as *Winter Kills* and *Blow Out* can light up your brain like a pinball machine. Say "hat" to the average schlub, whose associations aren't free at all, and the likely response will be "head." Say "hat" to a dashing paranoid and you might get back "stovepipe; Auschwitz; *Grand Polonaise in A-Flat*; Michelin Guide." Every word sets off a four-star tour of the world (and the synapses), in which you can always get there from here. Unfortunately, paranoids spoil the fun by putting themselves at the center of this global network. It is this latter aspect of the disorder—self-importance—that dominates *JFK*.

Directed by Oliver Stone from a screenplay by himself and Zachary Sklar, *JFK* is a grand and bland docudrama packed with more celebrity cameos than a Muppet movie, more expository dialogue than a Church of Scientology training film, more types of montage than you'd get from Eisenstein with a bad case of the hiccups, more fake actualities footage than in a year's worth of *America's Most Wanted*—but shot for the widest screen, and lit like a dream. Bigger, better, more: If gonzo commitment were the only requirement, then *JFK* would be the *Intolerance* of the conspiracy-theory genre, if not its Oberammergau Passion Play.

As the story's wooden Jesus we have Kevin Costner, sulking his way through a portrayal of New Orleans District Attorney Jim Garrison. Already glum at the start of the proceedings, he greets the news of John Kennedy's assassination with an announcement that he feels ashamed to be an American. But the full gloom descends only when he develops the habit of sitting up till all hours, reading the report of the Warren Commission. He neglects his wife (Sissy Spacek), who soon is reduced to waving her arms and thumping her chest in the hope of leaving some impression on the screen. Meanwhile, the nefarious Clay Shaw (Tommy Lee Jones) is rioting in homosexual luxury, an activity that seems to involve the use of eighteenth-century costumes and music by Mozart. Tormented

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by the thought of such goings-on, Garrison almost destroys his marriage, but recovers his sexual vigor upon the assassination of Robert Kennedy. He then hurries to court to deliver a half-hour speech in hypnotic cadences, explaining everything you've already seen in the first two and a half hours. It's the liveliest part of the picture.

Alexander Cockburn already has addressed the politics of *JFK* in these pages (January 6/13). I will add nothing to his lucid comments, except to note the dog-bites-man hysteria in *The New York Times* and *Newsweek* accusing Stone of having "twisted the truth." I should hope so. That's what filmmakers do, if they're any good. In the past, Stone has been good in about one film out of two. This time, the best I can say for him is that he's drawn enjoyable performances out of Gary Oldman, Joe Pesci, Kevin Bacon and (out of the blue) John Candy. In a cameo as a hepcat lawyer, Candy is funnier than in his last three starring roles. But where's the rest of the *SCTV* cast?

For a really good time with paranoia, see *Naked Lunch*. Based on the life and work of William S. Burroughs, *Naked Lunch* is the latest expression of writer-director David Cronenberg's one big idea. He believes the mind and the body to be a continuum, and that scares him silly. From *The Brood* through *Dead Ringers* he's been a film poet of somatic anxiety, simultaneously obsessed and repelled by the flesh but even more so by the emotions that shape and misshape the body. Now Cronenberg collides head-on with Burroughs, pseudoscientific rhapsodist of the mind-body split. Fog rises; shadows fall; and out of the unspeakable coupling slithers a great film.

Burroughs has claimed he cannot remember writing *Naked Lunch* (having been strung out on heroin at the time). So Cronenberg has ingeniously chosen to show us what Burroughs might have *thought* he was doing during the hours when he was writing the book. With a single brilliant stroke, Cronenberg solves the notorious problem of dramatizing a writer's life; dispenses with the need to film an impossible "novel"; and situates the action in the area most congenial to him, midway between "out there" and "in here."

The film's protagonist—called Bill Lee, after one of Burroughs's pseudonyms—starts out in a plausible enough version of 1953 Manhattan. He works as an exterminator (as did Burroughs). He has a troubled relationship with his wife, Joan (as did Burroughs with his wife, Joan). He hangs out in coffee shops with a pair of younger men, Hank and Martin, who seem like Burroughs's friends Jack Kerouac and Allen Ginsberg. Normality, however bohemian, seems to reign—except that Joan has got hold of an Ornette Coleman record, six years before it would have existed, and shoots up not heroin but her husband's professional-strength roach powder. "It's a very literary high," she explains. "It's a Kafka high. You feel like a bug."

Joan's little habit, as well as her sexual games with Hank and Martin, shock Bill, who claims to have gone straight in every sense. He's off dope; he's abandoned his homosexual desires; he doesn't even write. "Too dangerous," he says. So why do the bugs start talking to him? One of them, part roach, part Talking Asshole, enlists Bill as a secret agent for some incomprehensible organization, ordering him to kill Joan—"and make it tasty." Bill resists at first; but in a replay of the decisive moment in Burroughs's life, he eventually shoots Joan dead. With a vial of bug powder as his ticket, he flees to "Tangier," where burnoose-clad Arabs pound typewriters in a quaint old coffeehouse.

The ensuing phantasmagoria is so clearly thought out that you could diagram it, if you're not too busy laughing or being amazed. Someday, dissertations will be written on whether the man-woman enmity in Cronenberg's *Naked Lunch* corresponds to a rivalry between roaches and centipedes, or whether the axis actually runs between bugs in general and the humanoid mugwumps. Graduate students will compile concordances showing the relationship between the various typewriter creatures Bill uses and the themes that emerge on screen. Even the music is susceptible to analysis. Ornette Coleman, who wails through the whole film, broke into prominence in 1959, the year that *Naked Lunch* was published, and like Burroughs underwent a transformative experience in North Africa. It's all very neat, for being so crazy.

The neatness makes *Naked Lunch* watchable; but it's the craziness that exalts the film. As Bill Lee, Peter Weller gives an ice-cold performance, staring out of his corpse eyes as if nothing could surprise him, however creepy. As Joan Lee and a second Joan, Judy Davis provides the exact opposite: a sensualist implosion. The shadowy cinematography, in a palette of mildew and mucus, is by

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Peter Suschitzky. The production design—surreal in the strict, Bretonian sense—is by Carol Spier. The air of desperation is by David Cronenberg. Watch for the scene in which Bill's friends show up in "Tangier" to collect his writing. Great stuff, they tell him. Publication is assured. Then they go away, leaving him alone with raw terror. Some friends. Some art form. Some film.

Short Takes: Andrei Konchalovsky's *The Inner Circle* is a fable about power worship, seen from a privileged point of view—that of Stalin's personal film projectionist. I thought Konchalovsky went only halfway in turning this tantalizing premise into a drama, whereas he'd gone over the top in his *mise en scène*. The projectionist lives on Moscow's Slaughterhouse Street, with cattle passing by the window of his basement apartment. Still, there's a real movie embedded in *The Inner Circle*; Tom Hulce is once more an agreeable bumpkin as the projectionist; and Lolita Davidovich, as his wife, is nothing less than resplendent. You could enjoy the film just for the sake of watching her—never acting, but simply living her life on the screen.

If you're in New York City, run immediately to the new Walter Reade Theater at Lincoln Center to see *The Second Circle* (1989), a stunning film by Russian director Alexander Sokurov. A series of his pictures, organized by the International Film Circuit, is playing at Lincoln Center through January 9. For other venues and dates, along with much excited commentary, please watch this space. □

VIDEOS.

BEN SONNENBERG

Open Doors
Ashes and Embers
How to Make a Monster

Redundancies, firings, layoffs: resounding events in American life. Yet few of our movies turn on the question of losing one's job. I can readily think of only three exceptions: *Network*, *The Taking of Pelham One Two Three* and *Lost in America*.

Open Doors (Porte Aperte) by Gianni Amelio (subtitled; Orion Home Video), from a novel by Leonardo Sciascia, is a 1990 Italian film set in Palermo in 1937. It is far more than the story of an ex-employee's revenge. Tommaso Scalia (Ennio Fantastichini), fired from his lowly job with the Fascist Confederation of Professionals and Artists, is certainly vengeful enough. First he stabs his ex-boss to death and stabs to death his replacement. Then he rapes and kills his own wife. He confesses to all in open court and demands execution. One of the judges, Vito Di Francesco (Gian Maria Volontè), starts to seek into his motives. Against the defendant's wishes, against those of his fellow judges and with the public crying for blood, Vito presses on. He discovers not only the facts of the case, which are truly surprising, but also that the defendant was moved by something as dark as the crimes: his "faith in the Duce and God."

I liked seeing Volontè again, a great dramatic actor, who I don't think has made many movies since Elio Petri's *Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion* (1970). His casting was always the stamp to me of a serious film. And how thrilling to see a crime story (the intelligent script is by Amelio and Vincenzo Cerami) in which an entire world of violence, corruption and lust is simply taken for granted, as in the old *films noirs*. Volontè's character is in a long line of incorruptible civil servants compelled to expose their systems' contradictions. Fantastichini as the defendant has a more challenging role. Even with his motives laid bare, Tommaso is a puzzle. True, he is representative of an ambiguous moment in modern history. He is also representative of a well-known tragicomic type: the character caught in a theatrical frame of his or her own making. (Well-known since Pirandello, that is.) The puzzle is: To what authority does such a person answer? Not to the law, which Sciascia shows is untrue to its own rules; not to the church, which is impotent; and not to the people, who are shown at their most bloodthirsty and volatile. The troubling answer seems to be: to you and me, *hypocrites voyeurs*!

Open Doors and its director keep faith with the work of a great writer. It is very pretty to look at (scarcely surprising, given its time and place); the cinematography, by Tonino Nardi, deserves all the many awards it received; and the score, by Franco Piersanti, is especially good. Also, as with most courtroom dramas, *Open Doors* looks good on TV.

The subject of the soldier whose "occupation's gone" is treated in American movies either with euphemism (*The Best Years of Our Lives*) or medicinism (*The Men*, *Born on the Fourth of July*, etc., etc.). I except Raoul Walsh's *The Roaring Twenties*, George Marshall's *The Blue Dahlia* and John Frankenheimer's *The Manchurian Candidate*; and now, *Ashes and Embers*, Haile Gerima's 1982 film, just released on tape (Mypheduh Films). This is a forceful movie about a black soldier's coming home. He is Ned Charles (beautifully acted by John Anderson), the war is Vietnam and home is rural Virginia. *Ashes and Embers* picks from four story lines over a stretch of eight years: Ned and his family, Ned and his job, Ned and his girlfriend Liza Jane (Kathy Flewellen), and Ned and the war. Jarring episodes from each show incurable anger and alarm, futile escape and final despair at the order offered black veterans by our society.

The veteran in Ernest Hemingway's "Soldier's Home" knows uselessness, displacement, disgust. Ned Charles knows something more. Whole or impaired, he has never had a place in America. This is dramatized most literally when, after his recovery from war trauma, he is stopped by the Los Angeles police for running a red light, and is handcuffed and held at gunpoint. It is still more movingly dramatized in a scene with Liza Jane and her black study group. There, in a room with Malcolm X posters (and one of Angela Davis), the earnest young activists speak of "good examples on the continent . . . of national liberation struggles waged in Angola, Mozambique and the south"; of the paradox of "our" historical willingness to fight the white man's wars before even being asked; and they talk of the "need to *analyze* the role" of blacks in committing atrocities, "murdering women and children" while carrying imperialism for the white man to Southeast Asia. Ned explodes: What the fuck do you know? You weren't there. Coolly he is told, You don't have to have been there to *understand* the situation. "Because sometimes, my brother, you may just be too immersed, too emotionally——" Ned: You don't have to have been there? You don't have to have been there! I'll tell *you* something, my brother. . . . And he does, but only a little. He tells most later to Liza Jane, in a speech of such truth and power as virtually to flatten the whole of Oliver Stone's *Platoon*.

One strength of the scene with the

Ben Sonnenberg is the author of Lost Property: Memoirs & Confessions of a Bad Boy *(Summit Books).*

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black activists is its humor and doubt, the necessary predicates for Ned's passionate explosion. These strengths don't come often enough in the film. Gerima's most sibylline character, Ned's toothless old granmama (Evelyn A. Blackwell), insists to Ned over and over, Never forget your roots. The music also insists on this. Gerima seems in a hurry to get to Aimé Césaire's "place for all at the rendezvous of victory," and parts of the film simply don't make much sense unless watched in fast-forward. But that isn't much to complain of. *Ashes and Embers* has something important to say. At its best, it raises the question of the (to quote Edward W. Said) "impoverishing politics of knowledge based only upon the assertion and reassertion of identity," and it is always honest and brave.

A pleasant surprise from the 1950s is *How to Make a Monster*, directed by Herbert L. Strock. It is one of a number of American International Pictures films newly released by RCA/Columbia. A.I.P. specialized in horror and "teen exploitation" films, of which the best known is probably *Beach Blanket Bingo*. *How to Make a Monster* is about Pete Dummond (Robert H. Harris), a master monster makeup man. His monsters in *I Was a Teenage Frankenstein* and *I Was a Teenage Werewolf* saved the studio from bankruptcy. After twenty-five years on the lot—"this makeup room has been my home"—Dummond is summarily fired. Says the new régime: The monster cycle is over, now people want dancing! music! pretty girls! "Monsters are coming out of their ears. . . . Monsters are finn-ee."

Dummond makes clear he is not just a cog in the inhuman engine of capitalist production. To the offer of a week's salary: "Don't try to soften the blow with a few cheap dollars!" As he earlier said to the teenager playing the werewolf in *Frankenstein Meets Werewolf*, his last work for the studio, "I am an artist and an artist must have no fear." So Dummond adds to the makeup of the two teenage actors a secret ingredient (it "enters the pores and paralyzes the will and makes the subject passive") and sends them to murder two of the new studio heads. "I'll destroy them . . . using the very monsters they mocked to do it."

How to Make a Monster may not be a movie to see more than once. All the same, it raises the question of why our movies so rarely touch on the vengefulness of the "disgruntled" ex-employee. Blessings on Herbert L. Strock.

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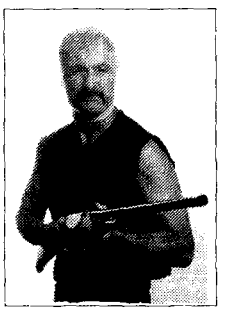

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THEATER.

THOMAS M. DISCH

The Homecoming
Beggars in the House of Plenty
Pericles, Prince of Tyre
Blue Man Group: Tubes
Big Apple Circus
Park Your Car in Harvard Yard

Butchers are a bad lot. They beat their wives and brutalize their children. They are loud and loutish and apt to blurt out the most appalling opinions, especially concerning the opposite sex, whom they regard as so much meat. For all their bluster, however, they tend to be stab-in-the-back cowards. Women, for some reason, can't resist them.

This appears to have been as true in London in the mid-sixties, when Harold Pinter wrote *The Homecoming*, as in the contemporary America depicted by John Patrick Shanley, whose full-length but intermissionless *Beggars in the House of Plenty* has enjoyed a critical success at the Manhattan Theatre Club's City Center Stage II venue. Both plays are dominated by butcher patresfamilias who are demons of patriarchal authority. Indeed, so close is their resemblance that the actors playing them—Roy Dotrice in *The Homecoming* and Daniel von Bargen in *Beggars*—might swap roles without modifying anything but their accents.

In each play there is also a son who would seem, from his gentle demeanor and drift toward poetry, a stand-in for the author, much as Edmund Tyrone represents the young Eugene O'Neill in *Long Day's Journey Into Night* (which is surely the great-granddaddy of both these plays, even though the elder Tyrone is only a ham and not a butcher). These poetical sons have brothers who are boozers and otherwise betray their fathers' twig-warping influence, and mothers who are not quite all there, either wraithlike or deceased.

To be sure, there are differences between the two plays. *The Homecoming*, for all its Pinteresque set pieces of inconsequential small talk, has a plot that is as unlikely as it is morbidly fascinating, while the events in *Beggars* generally have to be construed as symbolic and happening in a dream world where a character's id regularly slips in asides that betray his or her true, nasty nature, while the poet-son delivers soliloquies meant to bridge the gap between the real world and theatrical ritual. This allows for a greater number of *coups de théâtre* (the father savages some raw beef before our eyes; there's a bride and a nun and an open grave at center stage) while simultaneously defusing their shock effect.

Both plays are acted to the hilt, directed intelligently (Gordon Edelstein for *The Homecoming*; Shanley directs his own play) and are well worth seeing. Pinter's may be his most considerable (or characteristic) achievement, while Shanley is often too visibly overexerting himself in an attempt to produce The Great American Tragicomedy. Shanley's models loom over him, not only O'Neill but Christopher Durang as well, whose Sister Mary Ignatius (modestly renamed Sister Mary Kate) makes a guest appearance for no good reason at all except to be sociable. But the humor is effective in a manner distinctively Shanleyan, dark and warm at once. Daniel von Bargen as Pop and Dana Ivey as Ma give performances that grow from cartoonish simplicity, à la Matt Groening's Simpsons, to expressionist uncanniness, à la Strindberg, which is quite a gamut. Jon Tenney as the bad, boozing brother is charming, menacing and pathetic in equal parts. Of the five members of Shanley's nuclear family, only the character representing the author, played by Loren Dean (who has the title role in the film of *Billy Bathgate*), fails to gel. His grotesque parents and brother constantly upstage him, and at regular intervals he is sandbagged by having to deliver soliloquies in that vein of maudlin portentousness that American playwrights confuse with poetry. However, there's not that much guff, and most American playgoers have developed internal devices for tuning out the audio when things wax too lyrical.

The cast of *The Homecoming*, given more solid material, gives proportionately more solid performances. Even without von Bargen's opportunity to chop raw meat before our eyes, Roy Dotrice is an exemplary butcher, and his three sons are undeniably of the same genetic stock. Daniel Gerroll plays Lenny, the most compellingly nasty of the three, a viper-tongued spiv and orchid of the gutters. Reed Diamond, in his Broadway debut, plays a novice boxer who, unlike any other pugilist in the annals of the theater, is purely and simply a lout. Jonathan Hogan has the role of the "good" brother, though in this case "good" signifies only that he has developed middle-class manners. Lindsay Crouse is his wife, a role that requires (and gets) an enigmatic presence and deadpan delivery from beginning to end.

While I enjoyed both plays and commend them, I do find their shared subtext a doubtful proposition. Young men whose entree to middle-class life has been through literature or academia, as in these plays, may be inclined to see their fathers as more butcherlike than they are, "butcher" in this case being shorthand for all that is nasty, brutish and lowbrow in working-class men. Pinter's and Shanley's fathers seem cousins of the brutal patriarchs imagined by feminists like Andrea Dworkin, who need to believe that such troglodytes are representative of their sex in order to maintain a sense of a righteous Us and a villainous Them. Both playwrights try to modify a strict black-and-white pattern by showing the good sons to be, to some degree, chips off the old blocks; but the old blocks themselves are allowed no virtue but animal cunning, which I can't help but think unfair to the old blocks.

The director treats the silliest scenes as if written by Ludlam, not Shakespeare.

After opening its first season of the post–Joseph Papp era with a dreadfully botched and justly ill-received production of Brecht's *In the Jungle of Cities*, the New York Shakespeare Festival has redeemed itself with its latest entrant in the Shakespeare Marathon, one of the least likely of any kind of success: *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*. *Pericles* is a careless patch-up job on a crude dramatization of a verse tale from John Gower's *Confessio Amantis*, a tale that can be traced back through medieval legends of saints to Greek originals. The kernel of salacious interest that all these sources have in com-

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mon is the moral triumph of a pure maiden who has fallen into the hands of brothel keepers, where, as Gower tells it:

> He ladde hir to the bordel tho,
> No wonder though she were wo,
> Close in a chambre by hir selfe,
> Eche after other ten or twelfe
> Of yonge men in to hir went.
> But such a grace god hir sent,
> That for the sorowe, whiche she made,
> Was none of hem, which power hade
> To done her any vilanie.

To this theme of white slavery, ever dear to the box office, the original playwright (generally assumed to be George Wilkins, who was credited with the play's novelization in 1608) added such enticements as a Turandot-like princess whose risk-your-life riddle conceals the guilty secret that she and her father are having an ongoing incestuous relationship (a hot potato that serves to raise the curtain and then, to the disappointment of goggle-eyed rubes throughout the centuries, is made no more of), on-stage shipwrecks, a medieval tourney with lots of pomp, and a deliciously wicked stepmother. It is all as slapdash and vulgar as a Christmas panto collated with a striptease, and into the mix, by way of offering something for the gentry, Shakespeare has added some specimens of his genuinely high-class poetry. The effect is that of an over-the-hill soprano being trotted out for a quick rendition of "Sempre libera" and "Casta diva." One recognizes the voice, feels sorry to hear it so cracked and amid such circumstances, and so applauds politely.

Director Michael Greif has dealt with the problems of the text with ruthless ingenuity, treating the silliest scenes as though Charles Ludlam, not Shakespeare, had written them. This allows otherwise wooden roles to be campy cameos. Byron Jennings as King Simonides and Saundra McClain as Dionyza are gargoyles of, respectively, goody-goody benevolence and grande-dame malevolence. Bobo Lewis as the Bawd and Arnold Molina as the loutishly lascivious Boult have such fun with the brothel scenes you could almost think the Bard was back in charge.

In the more problematic leading roles of Pericles, his wife, Thaisa, and his daughter, Marina, the actors—Campbell Scott, Cordelia Gonzalez and Martha Plimpton—are less consistently successful. Thaisa is a pale echo of Hermione in *The Winter's Tale*, a wife presumed dead so as to be resurrected for a surprise happy ending; but she might as well be an extra for all the poetry allowed her. Gonzalez has her best scenes camping things up with Jennings. Plimpton, similarly, is burdened with a role that reminds us of heroines of much larger dimensions—Cordelia, or Isabella in *Measure for Measure*—and is also handicapped by being constantly upstaged in her early scenes by the amusing villains beleaguering her. Plimpton performs with intensity, scene by scene, but her moments of virtue triumphant come off more as lighting cues than moral miracles. The fault may be the director's in part, but mostly it's Shakespeare's.

Campbell Scott, however, manages to make Pericles seem as human as Tom Jones, an Everyman-style young king more interested in having fun than in wielding power, one who can take shipwrecks in stride and snap back from the abyss of despair as soon as ever someone sings to him. The role requires an ability to skate around non sequiturs gracefully and to find ways of holding interest when the text offers little support—which, with the director's help, Scott does commendably.

The set design by Scott Arnone begins by threatening real austerity with some folding chairs grouped about a big box of sand on an otherwise bare stage; but Arnone has almost as many tricks up his sleeve as there are scenes in the play. Some of these are borrowed from Peter Hill (the sandbox, sudden geysers of flame, a Persian carpet), but what the hell, they do the job. The eye is delighted, or the imagination zapped, or the rib tickled. All in all, you're not likely to see a better *Pericles* anytime soon, if ever.

Right across the street from the Shakespeare Festival, at the Astor Place Theatre, the first genuine hit of the new theater season has opened, the Blue Man Group's *Tubes*. The Blue Man Group consists of three performers—Matt Goldman, Phil Stanton and Chris Wink—who have concocted a blend of music, performance art, comedy and carnival sideshow that is Post Everything and a great deal of innocent but knowledgeable fun. With their heads sheathed in cobalt blue plastic and faces painted to match, and wearing bulky work-clothes-like costumes capable of extruding goop and spewing juices, the three observe a dancer's vow of silence while they perform various stunts that combine child's play, painting, drumming, art criticism and animal tricks. Imagine Jackson Pollock partially metamorphosed into three circus seals

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splashing about in pools of paint to the accompaniment of one of Robert Bly's new tribal percussion groups. What makes the art click is the performance style of the Blue Men, who pursue each of their peculiar activities with the same earnest, slightly anxious, terrierlike demeanor. Like all great clowns, they never seem to intend to be funny. Before seeing them I'd read accounts of many of their acts, but these descriptions did little to convey the effect the Blue Man Group has on its audiences, which is one of high glee and childish delight. All but the terminally high-minded should try to get to it.

With their bodies, the trapeze artists literally define the space we are in.

The same, of course, can be said for the circus. Recently, New York had a choice of circuses: the Big Apple Circus at Lincoln Center and the Moscow Circus at the Gershwin Theatre. Unhappily, despite the arguable superiority of its acrobats and aerialists, the Moscow Circus has closed. It wasn't circusy enough: There were no animal acts (except for a balletic rat); the clowns seemed to be performing traditional clown rituals; and the Gershwin's proscenium stage created an emotional barrier that turned the aerial acts into high art. Under the Big Apple's tent, by contrast, the audience becomes physically involved. The clowns chase each other up and down the aisles and recruit onlookers for some of their tricks (some are plants, probably, but which?). Between acts, giant beach balls are bounced about over the audience's heads. You can smell the animals and see the toes of the trapeze artists grazing the fabric of the tent, which makes their danger and daring tangible. With their bodies they literally define the space we are in. Used to good effect, a circus tent can be as vivid an architectural experience as a Gothic cathedral.

The outstanding acts of this year's edition of the Big Apple are the Flying Vazquez (Miguel, of quadruple somersault fame); Olivier and Melinda Merlier, whose acrobatic adagio act is sexier than any X-rated movie; Vanessa Thomas's similarly steamy dance with the elephants of William Woodcock; the Rios Brothers, who do a Risley act (foot juggling a human jugglee); and Les Frères Taquin, a pair of genuinely funny clowns. It should be noted, as a matter of local pride, that in the one case where both circuses offered the same act, the Big Apple's Dana Kaseeva outdid Moscow's Yelena Larkina in the art of twirling multiple Hula-Hoops in contrapuntal orbits. However, as Ms. Kaseeva is a native of Russia and learned the act there, where it is a national specialty, one can't wax too patriotic.

The Big Apple ends at Lincoln Center January 5, but then will tour to other points in the metropolitan area. Tickets range from $10 to $20 for weekday matinees to $20 to $45 on weekends, but the lowest-price seats are few and their views restricted.

It is one of the marks of stardom that a star does not need much help to shine, especially not from writers. Think of some of the old jalopies that served as vehicles for Garbo or Dietrich or Brando. Or go see Jason Robards and Judith Ivey command the stage of the Music Box in *Park Your Car in Harvard Yard*. The plot of Israel Horovitz's play is as traditional and uninspired as the recipe for egg salad. Robards is a martinetish retired high school teacher no longer able to take care of himself without live-in help, and Ivey is the help, at first mousy and fumbling but later becoming more assertive, especially at such times as his hearing aid fails and she can speak her mind unheard. He learns the value of love and compassion, and she has a second chance, à la Eliza Doolittle, at getting a proper education. The high point of the action is what amounts to her graduation ceremony, and it's utter poppycock. But thanks to the professionalism of Robards and Ivey, and the direction of Zoe Caldwell, who keeps events moving briskly enough that we don't have to think about them, *Park Your Car* will tickle most ribs and warm most hearts. It would be grinchlike to point out all the holes with which the plot is riddled, since it would mean revealing its successive (and self-canceling) surprises. Those who enjoy comedies of moral uplift, like *Driving Miss Daisy* or *Educating Rita*, will enjoy this in the same way; and those who don't can still find some satisfaction in knowing that Israel Horovitz, who has written so many much better plays, has got a Broadway hit. □

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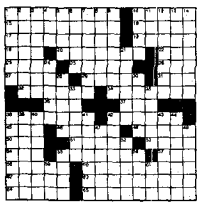

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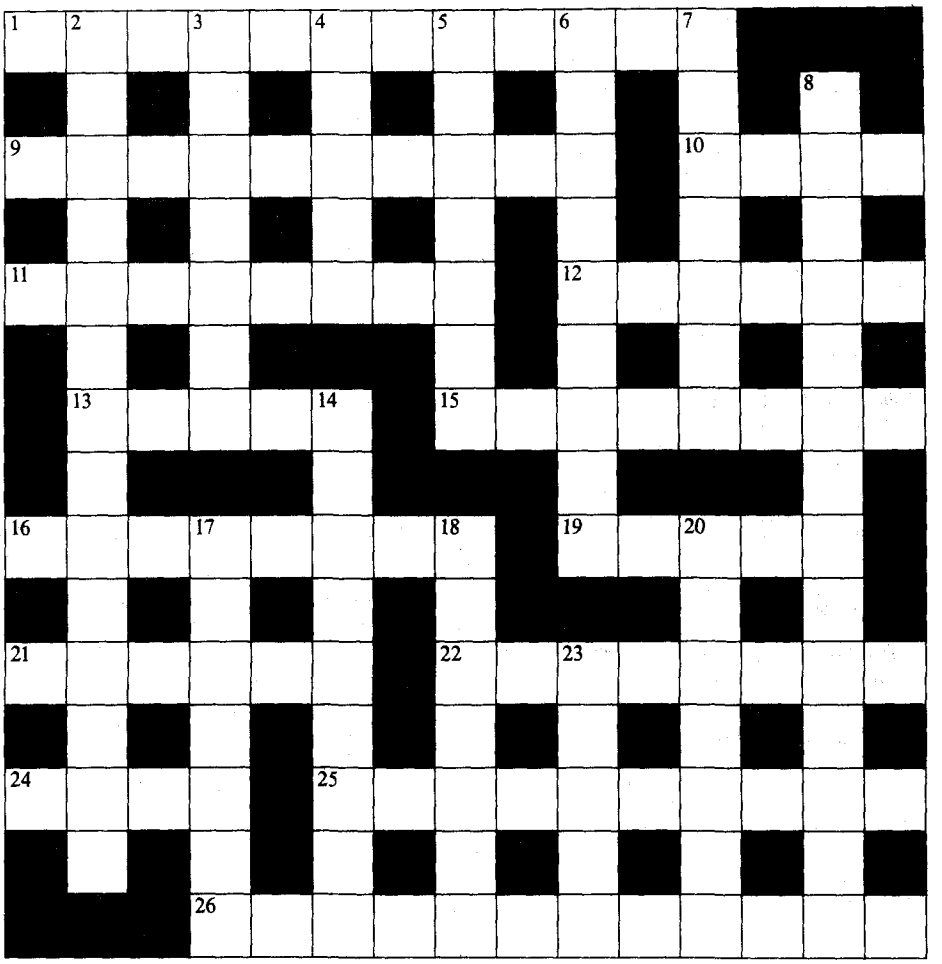

ACROSS

1 Furnish the food to so-called staunch members, which might become pretty high flyers. (12)
9 War workers? Fighters, rather! (10)
10 See 24
11 Dig a ditch all over again, and cut back. (8)
12 The amateur operator shows where some of his forebears might have come from. (6)
13 A remarkable period of time, preserved in deep ocher. (5)
15 Mix what the rider may put to the horse coming back around an endless tirade on what his boots may fit into. (8)
16 Descriptive of what might be light, yet tense with emotion. (8)
19 Generally famous award? (5)
21 Was, in a way, an article to wrap up. (6)
22 A genuine occasion familiar to computer users? (4,4)
24 and 10 Lamb on the end of a string? Or just a king's daughter? (8)
25 From the precious metal angle, it might damage wallpaper and books. (10)
26 When you are the overly withdrawing kind, you might do this and become disenchanted with the subject. (4,8)

DOWN

2 Make amends for what Jack and Jill did without getting down, and act like a hawk all at once! (2,3,4,5)
3 Get me up to the drinks counter, and leave prohibition as it might be! (7)
4 Dress, as some do with airs. (3,2)
5 Does what Miss Otis evidently couldn't do today. (7)
6 A sort of news organization if illicit, acting responsively. (9)
7 She takes the rear pieces, like one who might be expected to clip the silly things! (7)
8 A joint on the river (marijuana, as they say) entertains some people but they're rather big and clumsy! (14)
14 In a sense, rash possibly confining trappings. (9)
17 A strong position, in a way delicate, except for the last point. (7)
18 Composer who proves the heart of the matter comes up rather poorly. (7)
20 What a 23 sometimes does, with the cost far removed . . . (4,3)
23 . . . like a common man! (5)

SEE LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION AT LEFT

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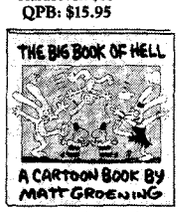

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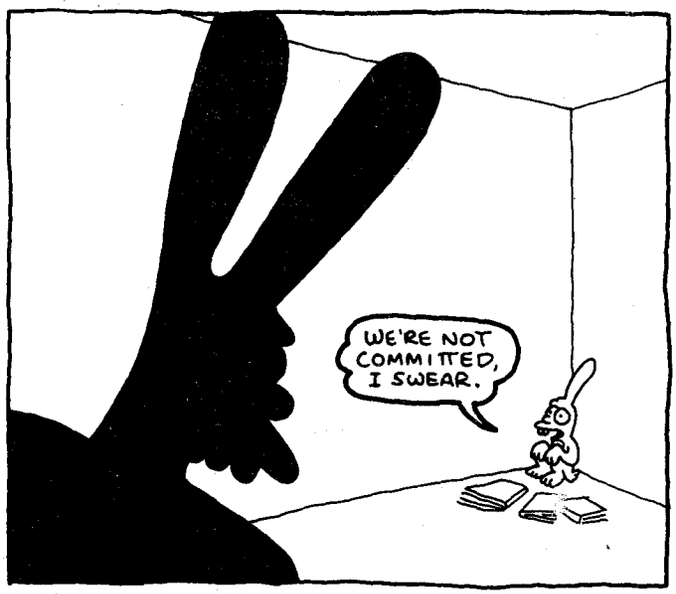

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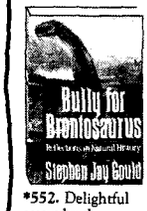

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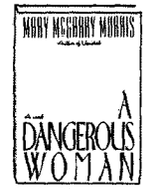

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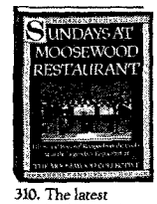

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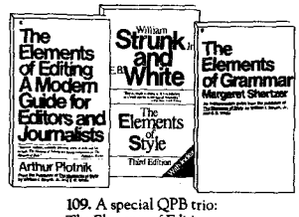
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